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HUSTLER®

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

DECEMBER 1979 \$2.95



**SHOCKING! SATANIST
ANTON LAVEY**

**HOW POLITICIANS
RIP US OFF**

**NUTRITION: A CURE
FOR IMPOTENCE?**

**HUSTLER'S ANNUAL
CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE**





PICTURE YOURSELF LIKE THIS. Last Year 300,000 Smokers Did.

Cigarettes will kill you. You hear it all the time.

But unfortunately it's not that simple. A person suffering from a smoking-related illness lives long after the disease is diagnosed.

This man has emphysema, an incurable disease linked directly to smoking cigarettes. For 18 months a machine called a volume ventilator has kept him

alive. The ventilator does his breathing for him. Doctors performed a tracheotomy so a tube can go from a hole in his throat to the mechanical lung. He is so oxygen-starved he hasn't the strength to lift a toothbrush. Or strike a match.

The next time you light up, don't worry about dying. Worry about living. It can be a fate worse than death.

HUSTLER®

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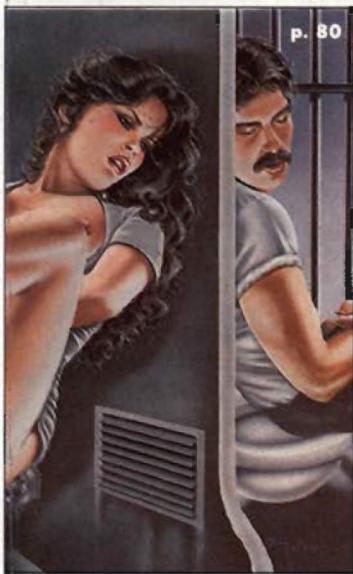
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DECEMBER 1979 VOLUME 6 NUMBER 6



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:

 National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

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HUSTLER DECEMBER 1979 VOLUME 6 NUMBER 6

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Buyer, Beware!

I have been asked many times to drop the mail-order ads that appear at the back of this magazine. Now if I've said it once I've said it a thousand times—where adult human beings are concerned, HUSTLER is against censorship of *any* kind, for *any* reason. We don't like prosecutors and other bluenoses trying to decide what you can read by attempting to censor the contents of this magazine.

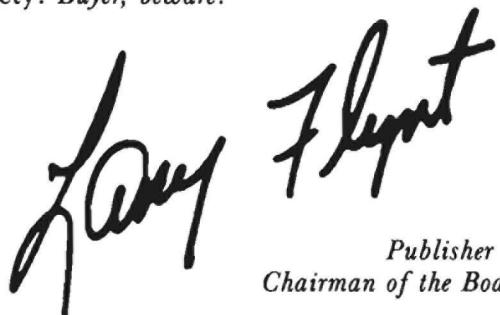
By the same token we don't like to censor our readers' opinions in the *Feedback* section, and we make a point of publishing negative letters as well as positive ones. But we draw the line at outright fraud. If an advertiser tells lies, or fails to deliver on his obligations, we drop his ad immediately.

Of course, when you take a stand like this you're bound to run into certain problems. For instance, we often accept advertising in HUSTLER that we don't necessarily agree with, but which doesn't constitute fraud. In the *Mail-Order Mania* section of this very issue you'll find several advertisements for "placebo" products—and that means something that's supposedly "pleasing" without necessarily being real or effective, like the sugar pills that doctors give patients who aren't really sick. So if you see an advertisement for a placebo aphrodisiac, you should be aware that

the seller is telling you, quite clearly, that his product's effectiveness is based solely on what you *think* it will do for you.

Many people have advised me to suppress these products. They tell me that by allowing these borderline ads to appear I'm simply encouraging cheats to prosper. I don't agree. If you take a stand against censorship, you have to allow for toleration. My advice to potential mail-order buyers is this: Read the *whole* ad, including the fine print, and be sure you know what each word means. Then if you make a purchase and feel that you've been ripped off, bring the matter to the attention of our *Mail-Order Feedback* editor. He'll look into it, and if your point is proven, you may rest assured that the offending ad will never appear again here in HUSTLER.

But never forget the old warning that should govern every purchase in a free, capitalist society: *Buyer, beware!*



Larry Flynt

Publisher &
Chairman of the Board



WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BE A CHIC MAN?

The price of everything is going up, and CHIC is no exception. Subscribe now and save \$13.40 on a year's newsstand price — or \$45.20 on a three-year subscription!

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Phone Number (Include Area Code.) _____

HU1279

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Subscription rates subject to change without notice.

A lot of people think that putting out a magazine like HUSTLER is a piece of cake. In actual fact it's like a piece of upside-down cake here at our Los Angeles offices. Just think how weird it is to work on a Christmas issue while an August heat wave is baking Southern California. Try to imagine putting out a magazine while the Office Manager is switching telephone extensions without revealing anyone's new number. Think about publishing HUSTLER while our Articles Editor is off in Nevada interviewing a whorehouse-owner. (The interview will appear in an upcoming issue.)

In any case, Christmas in August isn't that strange to one group of Americans: Congress. Members of this august body receive gifts from the taxpayers all year round. In **PRIVILEGES OF POLITICIANS: RIPPING OFF THE U.S. TAXPAYER**, *Washington Post* writer RUDY MAXA reveals the seemingly endless supply of freebies—paid for by the rest of us—available to congressmen. This assignment necessitated some difficult investigative reporting, unlike Maxa's last effort for us, **SEX IN AMSTERDAM** (October), which took him on a leisurely stroll through that Dutch city's red-light district. The artwork for the report is by RON KRISS, who has done other magazine illustrations and movie posters.

While a profile of a Satanist may seem strange for a December issue of a magazine, **ANTON LaVEY: DISCIPLE OF THE DEVIL** is controversial any time of year. This penetrating look at the self-proclaimed leader of the well-organized Church



Cover by Bob Veze

of Satan was written by FRED HARDEN, a religion writer for a major metropolitan newspaper. Harden discovers that LaVey's background includes some information on the sex lives of Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield. GARY RUDDELL illustrated this diabolical profile.

We'd catch hell ourselves if we failed to mention HUSTLER'S **CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE**. This year's guide was designed, written and photographed by a group of former Larry Flynt Publications employees who've struck out on their own and who keep telling us they're on the verge of striking it rich. They are PAUL PETERSON, FRANK DeLIA, STEPHEN SAYADIAN and ROD KAMITSUKA—who work in L.A. under the lofty-sounding title of Francis Wolfe & Associates.

This month's fiction, **PRISONERS**, is by CHIC Senior Editor ZBIGNIEW KINDELA, whose pre-

vious HUSTLER efforts include a report on the tax rebels (October 1978), the short story "The Hitch-hiker" (December 1978) and a profile of phone-phreak Captain Crunch (February 1979). OLIVIA DeBERARDINIS, whose work in HUSTLER has given her an international reputation, provided the art for "Prisoners." She is also doing work for men's magazines published in England and France.

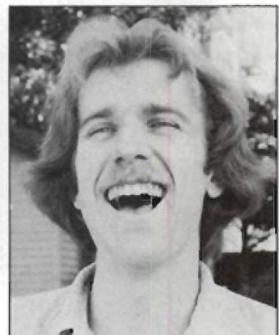
In **NUTRITION AND SEX** nutritionist J.D. BROWN offers some practical advice for a better sex life. Brown, by the way, is a close friend of Dick Gregory, one of America's foremost comedians and nutritionists. The pointy-headed scholars in HUSTLER's Research Department stubbornly resisted running this piece, since they think everything has to have the American Medical Association's seal of approval on it. But cooler heads in the Editorial Department prevailed, and we think you'll learn a lot from this informative *Sex Play*.

Our four photo-features ought to bring a bit of the August heat into your winter days. DEBI: AN EYE FOR BEAUTY, photographed by JAMES BAES, is another luscious HUSTLER Honey. You won't waste time watching the clock while looking at MAKING TIME, shot by MATTI KLATT. And CLIVE McLEAN's photos of LUST IN SPACE open new dimensions in intergalactic exploration, while SUZE RANDALL shares her FANTASY NO. 5 with us.

So sit back and see what December wonders have been cooked up for you by editors suffering from summer heatstroke. ☺



Fred Harden



Gary Ruddell



Paul Peterson Frank DeLia Stephen Sayadian Rod Kamitsuka



Zbigniew Kindela



BACK ISSUES

HUSTLER MAGAZINE

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HU1279

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Signature Date

We still have a limited supply of back issues from the months listed below... Just fill out the coupon, or phone in your credit card order today.

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MAY '76	JUL '77	SEP '78	OCT '79
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JUL '76	SEP '77		

I have checked ____ '74 issues @ \$5 each; ____ '75 issues
@ \$3.25 each; ____ '76, '77, '78 & '79 issues @ \$2.25 each, totaling
(B.O.H.) The Best of HUSTLER @ \$9.50 each

(B.O.H.) *The Best of HUSTLER* @ \$9.95 each
 Aug. '77 issues (Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold) @ \$5 each

Aug. 17 issued (Scratches in this section, \$3 each)
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TOTAL

1

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Use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. dollars, add
\$5.00. Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

FEEDBACK

Thank Heaven for Little Girls: I just purchased the October issue of HUSTLER and loved it. Those photos of *Lolita: School Daze* (top photo) were the greatest. I think it is a wonderful and harmless fantasy to have an adult woman looking like a little girl—with small breasts and a cute ass, her hair in ponytails, and wearing knee-socks.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request



Hooray for O'Hair: Thank you for the interview with Madalyn Murray O'Hair (center photo) in your October issue. She epitomized my sentiments concerning the shame religion must bear for laying one big guilt trip on mankind and causing incredible damage over the centuries. Since I live in a Western culture I can comprehend the oppression she speaks about, the oppression that Christianity—born out of vague, disembodied Scriptures of the past—has imposed upon me as a gay person.

I do not share all of Madalyn's feelings about God, but I relate to her anger, and I support her urging people to use their minds to make decisions about moral issues. Until man admits that his dictatorial, dogmatic religions are imperfect and incapable of reflecting the absolute truth, he will never be free on earth or in himself. —Bill Cleland

Muncie, Indiana



Congratulations on your splendid interview with Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair. It was good to hear something from somebody on the other side of the fence. I for one have been getting really tired of all those letters damning you all to hell (wherever that is) for publishing a few very funny cartoons about Jesus. Sure, those people are entitled to their beliefs, but I'm sick of hearing them. Mrs. O'Hair is right—nothing is sacred, because nothing outside reality exists!

I am just sick of those blind, hypocritical "Christians" who interfere in my life with their asinine religious bullshit and the ignorant laws they make to "protect" us all from "sin" and "immoral acts." Who says *their* way is the right way? If there were enough followers of Charles Manson, *his* way would be the right way! So fuck 'em all.

Americans seem to forget one very major thing: We have freedom *of* religion in this country, not freedom *by* religion.

—Bill Sullivan
Moline, Illinois

Wanda Lust: I have never written a letter to a men's magazine before, but I decided it was about time I sat my fat ass down and did it. I know you receive thousands of letters like this, but please add one more to your files.

HUSTLER and CHIC are the best damn magazines in print. I don't even consider buying bullshit rags like *Playboy* and



Penthouse—not enough pink, you see. You people have really topped it off with *Magic Wanda* (bottom photo) in the September issue of HUSTLER. She is the most exciting girl I've seen since I've been reading HUSTLER—and believe me, you've had a lot. If that girl is really an exhibitionist, how can one refuse to let her sit on one's face?

Keep up the great work. It's a shame the rest of the magazines don't have the balls to print what you do. Think pink!

—Brian A. Lewis
Fairfax, Virginia

Legal Murder: I've just finished reading your September *Publisher's Statement* ("United States of Death"), and I want to say, right on, Larry! Legal murder is not the answer. Capital punishment must be abolished. As you note, the poor, the black and other minorities who cannot afford legal counsel are being put to death, while the rich white criminals are dying of old age in Miami.

I for one am glad that you are taking such a firm stand against a very real problem. Keep up the good work, and keep on with a terrific magazine. HUSTLER has once again proven its worth.

—J. W.
Whittier, California

Larry Flynt, you can put the sympathy I have for mindless murderers in a flea's asshole and still have room for your brain. What in hell are you trying to say—that we should not protect our families and friends from these animals you call "fellow human beings"?

You say execution is pointless and not a deterrent, but you can bet your ass Gary Gilmore and John Spenkelink will kill no more. It's amazing that you go into detail about the various methods of execution, but you don't mention how the victims of these killers died. Gilmore had his victim kneel while he ever-so-coolly shot him in the head. I'm sure excrement, urine and semen poured from his body also, while his brains splattered on the ground like a dropped watermelon. That animal Spenkelink said he just wanted to see a man die. I wish they had put a mirror in front of his electric chair so he could have fulfilled his fantasy twice.

It's sick to see assholes like you cry out for condemned prisoners and not give even a second's thought to the trail of agony and death these animals left. This country is overrun with bleeding-heart liberals who would rather kiss the ass of a killer than save the life of a friend.

—Jay Raspino
Jefferson, Louisiana

As a police officer I take issue with the *Publisher's Statement* in the September issue of HUSTLER. I have seen the results of a woman having a .410 shotgun shoved up her cunt and then having the trigger pulled.

How would you like to have a .410 up your asshole and the trigger pulled?

Don't feel sorry for these bastards who go around killing and raping. Feel sorry for the assholes who won't allow prostitution or gambling. I have never arrested a prostitute in 25 years. As a matter of fact, when you get to know one real well, she will treat you better than your own wife.

As far as I am concerned, what you do to others you should have done to you.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Your views on capital punishment are totally asinine. It seems you don't like it because it's messy. Please let me inform you that no matter how people die, they have a habit of being messy as they go. Do you think the victims of murderers weren't messy?

I can think of better things to spend my tax money on than food and housing for killers. You make it sound like all I have to do is go kill some innocent four-year-old girl and I'll be fed and sheltered for the rest of my life. That's very kind of you. Would you mind too terribly much if I used your daughter? And since you feel this way, and since Larry Flynt undoubtedly makes more money than the average American, how about you paying all the expenses? I'm disappointed in you.

—Paul Sadler
Great Falls, Montana

We believe in free dialogue, through which every-

one gets to express his or her point of view. This is democracy in action. We think this process helps all Americans make up their minds on a given subject and come to the best possible solution. We are printing your letter, filled with hate as it is, because it represents an alternate viewpoint.

Pregnant Thought: I enjoyed the article *Teenage Pregnancy: Born of Ignorance* in the August HUSTLER. I commend your magazine for an excellent piece on the problems of teenage pregnancy. I especially appreciated that authors Flo Kennedy and Irene Davall included a discussion on the male's role in family planning.

—David Lloyd Green
Boston Family Planning Project
Boston, Massachusetts

Long Time to Heal: I commend your staff for the article *Wife Abuse: The Hidden Horror* (July). It's high time the people of this world realized that many women are abused physically by their spouses. The scars of that trauma take a long time to heal. I was employed in a shelter for battered wives and children in Canada, so I can tell you that the problem of violence is not limited just to the U.S.

—Leslie Csano
Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada

In Praise of HUSTLER: I am 32 years old and an executive in the film industry. My husband and I have been buying HUSTLER and CHIC faithfully for more than two years—they are the only adult magazines we

read. The editorial content and photography are always top-notch. Your magazines have contributed greatly to a sex life I never dreamed would be possible in our marriage.

Also, we enjoy going to adult films together, and your *X-Rated Reviews* are most helpful. Yours are the only magazines worth reading that contain these reviews and publish a guide.

Thank you, Mr. Flynt, for helping me to realize what a healthy, moral and exciting means of communication we all have in sex.

—Sandra Kennedy
Hollywood, California

I guess I've been reading HUSTLER since the first issue came out, and I just wanted to say that I think it's the number-one magazine for men, bar none. And I think Larry Flynt is one of the gutsiest men I've ever seen or heard of. If he has something to say, he says it—and damn those who don't like it.

It's great to see someone like that, because you sure don't see it in our government. About 98.5% of the politicians in this country are greedy, money-hungry, sneaking, lying, mealy-mouthed, scared little boys trying to do a man's job with a baby's brain.

—William Dempsey
Eustis, Florida

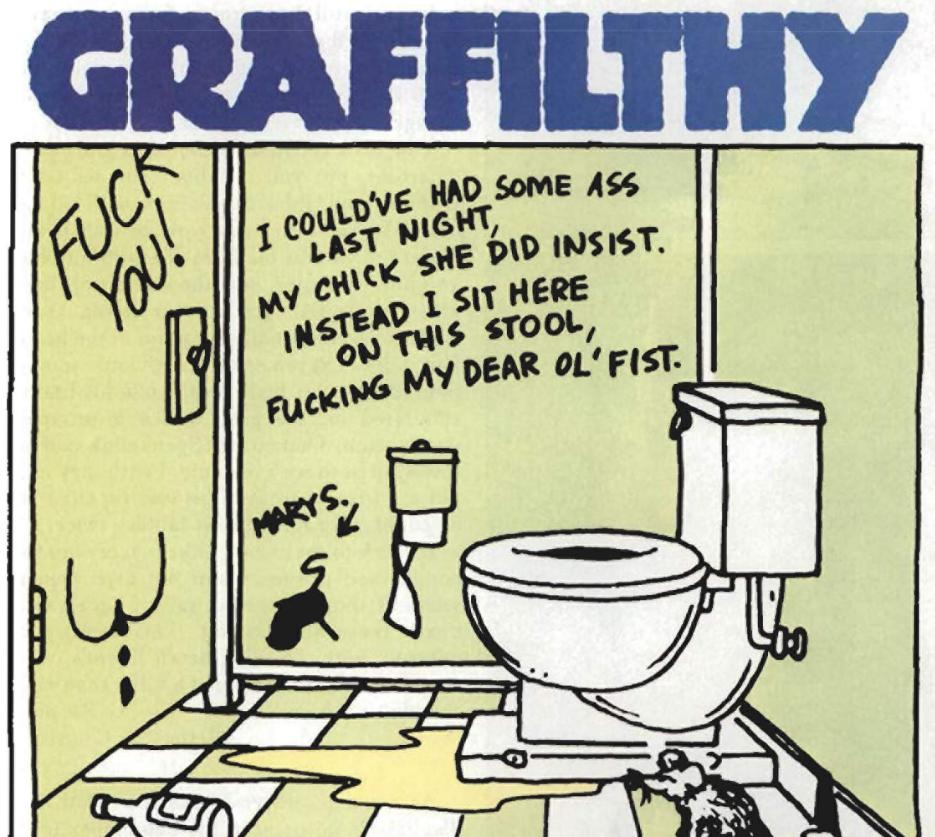
Fuck and Money: If HUSTLER has the support of the new generation of Americans, I can tell you right off the bat that, like the Egyptian, Greek and Roman Empires, our country will soon go to pot. "Fuck and money" is your slogan, and nothing else seems important to you. Your arrogant answers to those who don't agree with what you publish brand you as defiant people who deliberately try to offend the world. You would even mount the Statue of Liberty to obtain the fuck you seek. By your blind goal of becoming the filthiest mag on the market, you have branded yourselves as worthless human beings. I'm enclosing a piece of toilet paper smeared with shit. I hope you enjoy its smell, which is the same as the pages in your magazine.

—Arnold D. Young
Newport Beach, California

It's not that we question your integrity, Mr. Young, but we couldn't find the toilet paper you promised.

Barf-face: I hate HUSTLER Magazine. I do not like a magazine with men in it. And I want to see beautiful women, not ugly broads like that damn bitch in the centerfold of the August issue (*Michelle: The Girl Next Door*). I also want to tell you about the vile language you use in your shitty magazine. That no-good bastard Larry Flynt talks so much about child abuse. Why doesn't he stop to think a minute about adult abuse? He abuses adults by using titles in his magazine like *Asshole of the Month*.

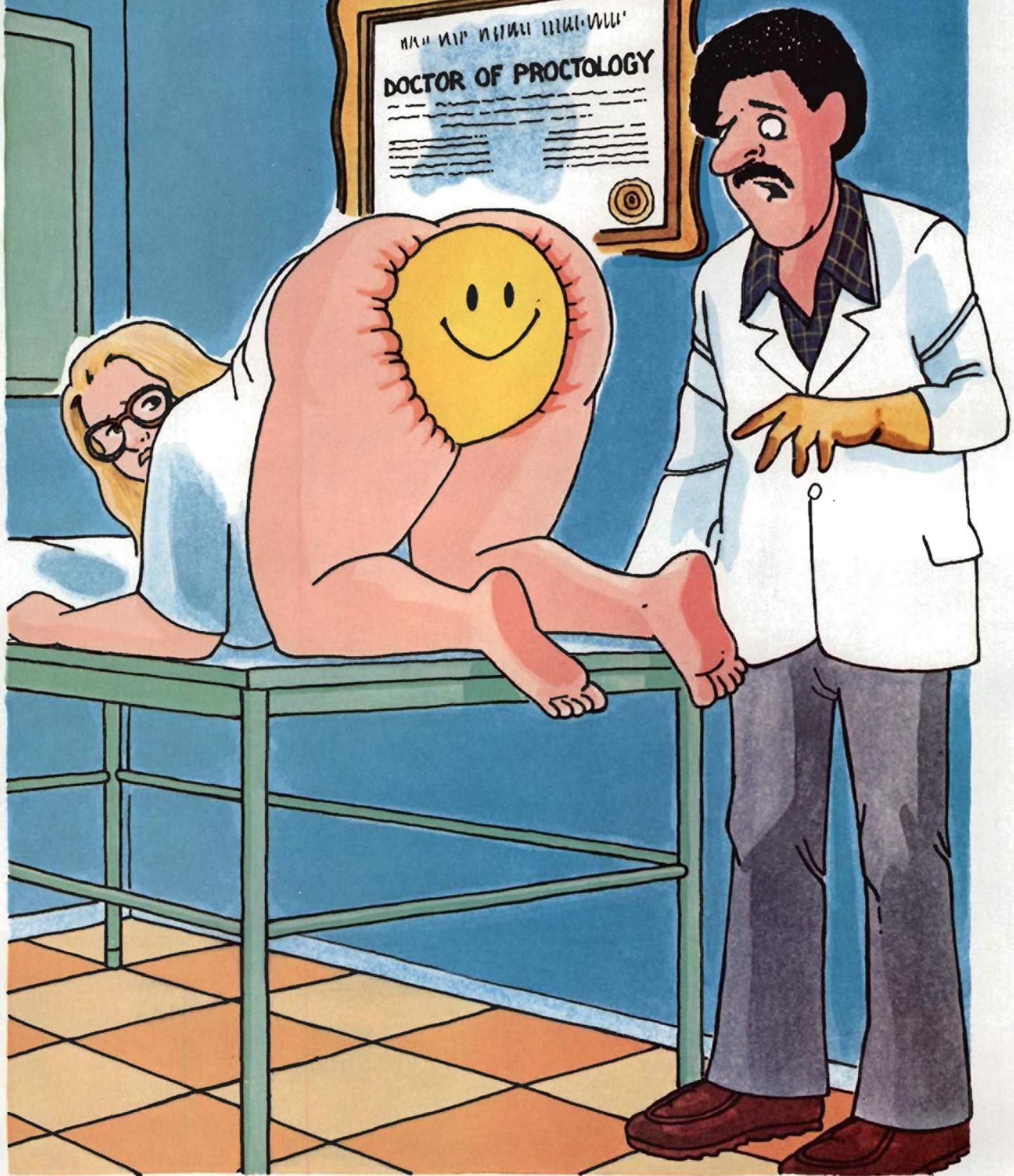
I love Playboy magazine because it shows
(continued on page 14)



THANX AND \$25 TO B.S., BENTON, IL

DWAINETINSELEY.

DOCTOR OF PROCTOLOGY



WHY DOES SANTA SEEM SO JOLLY THIS YEAR?

No, it's not Mrs. Claus's new silicone breasts.

Santa's happy because he subscribed to **HUSTLER**. Like any smart gift-giver, Santa knows by subscribing to **HUSTLER** he saves an incredible \$13.40 off the newsstand price. Plus, he receives his copy before it goes on sale. And since there aren't too many newsstands at the North Pole, Santa likes having his **HUSTLER** delivered right to the workshop in a plain brown wrapper (keeps the elves from being curious).

Take a tip from St. Nick and subscribe to **HUSTLER**. Better yet, why not get a **HUSTLER** subscription for a special friend? Just fill out the coupon and we'll send a holiday card announcing your gift subscription.

HUSTLER Magazine—if it keeps Santa jolly, just think what it will do for you.





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Send holiday card announcing my gift subscription to:
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Phone Number (Include Area Code)
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Exp. Date
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Interbank No.
 SPS discount to all U.S. servicemen overseas
U.S. 1 year @ \$22 FOREIGN 1 year @ \$38
2 years @ \$42 2 years @ \$61 2 years @ \$54
3 years @ \$61 3 years @ \$78 HUI279

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 10)

only beautiful women. *Playboy* has always been the best and always will be. I think Hugh Hefner is a fine, upstanding white man. Larry Flynt is an obscene barf-face. I will always hate HUSTLER. —De De Lind Jackson, Mississippi

Take Off the Blinders: My husband and I buy your magazine every month and thoroughly appreciate everything in it. We want to thank you for your attempts to make the public aware of the beautiful and ugly in life, for only by the conscientious awareness of these realities can we hope to understand the real meaning of peace.

My husband is black and I'm white. We see and feel so much anger around us every day because of the number-one social problem facing us today: race. If people would only open their eyes, take off the blinders and look around and use their common sense, this whole world would be a much better place to live in.

—K. L. S. and W. N. S.
Boston, Massachusetts

I'm writing about two of the letters in the *Feedback* section of the September issue of HUSTLER. If the woman who wrote "Clean Up the Filth" really believes that HUSTLER is filthy, that's fine. But nobody forced her to buy the magazine. And if she doesn't want

her children to see it, she should put it away. People like her are afraid of the truth.

And to the person who wrote "Hold the Niggers": Hey, buddy, that's *your* opinion. Blacks are people just like everybody else. Just because their skin is darker doesn't change a damn thing. They're human too!

That's what's wrong with the world today. Everybody thinks they're better than everybody else. But if these people would take a look at themselves, they would see that nobody's perfect. Not even them.

—Kathleen Smiley
Millville, New Jersey

I'm writing in response to a letter that ran in September's *Feedback* entitled "Clean Up the Filth" written by "A Concerned Mother." I'd like to inform this so-called concerned mother about two earth-trembling facts. One is that enjoyable sex *does* exist, and there is nothing wrong with it as long as both partners are consenting. The other is that looking at porn magazines does not make our children perverts; a poor upbringing does.

If young people are taught what life will confront them with and also are taught to accept responsibility for their actions, there would be no need for this letter, nor for the one I'm responding to. But "concerned parents" are too busy hiding from the real world while they write antiporn letters so they won't have to bother with their parental duties. They are causing a rising rate of psy-

chological disorders in their children, who are filling up our mental institutions and jails.

—Gayle M.
Newberry, Michigan

Stamp Tax: Would you believe they have put a tax on tits and pussy in Mobile County, Alabama—or at least on pictures of them? A new state law requires Alabama distributors to affix a 50¢ stamp to every magazine containing pictures of "exposed female breasts or genitals." It's the damndest thing I ever heard of!

—Ruble Sanderson
Shelbyville, Tennessee

HUSTLER Humor? In the September issue of HUSTLER you published a letter from a guy named Anthony Nassaney who suggested you were probably understaffed because you ran a cartoon in HUSTLER after it had already appeared in CHIC. He asked you to consider his letter an application for a job.

Hire the man! You don't have a humor editor—you have a feces editor. It's not that I consider feces obscene. I just consider them shit. And that's all your so-called humor department is. So by all means hire Mr. Nassaney. I don't know him, but anybody would be an improvement over the guy running your feces department right now.

—Elmer Beshear
San Francisco, California

When I got your September issue, I thought I was in for some good stuff. But when I looked at your *Honey* cartoon, I think I almost died. Can't you give Ted Kennedy a break? He'd make a helluva President. I don't think you guys have the right to do something like that, and I really think it stinks. If Ted runs in 1980, I sure as hell am going to vote for him! —Alan Roberts
Independence, Missouri

Please set me straight on just what some of your jokes and comic illustrations are supposed to bring across to your readers. For example, in the August *Bits & Pieces* there is "Afro-Zits," stating that whiteheads cause loss of rhythm and the inability to slam-dunk a basketball. In the same issue a cartoon shows a flashily dressed black man eating a watermelon while holding a radio blasting out music. He's looking in a cage at an ape that is identically dressed, and also eating watermelon and holding a radio.

As a black person what I can't understand is whether this stereotyped humor is supposed to be sarcastic. What point is it supposed to be making? I don't see the humor in it. I consider myself an open-minded individual, and perhaps I just don't see what you're trying to do. If so, I'd like my eyes opened.

—Y. P.
Compton, California

We poke fun at everybody, regardless of race, creed or color.

Bits & Pieces

All the assholes we've "honored" on this page in the past have certainly shown that they deserved such recognition. But nobody has ever worked harder or done more to earn our anal award than Marcia Womongold, HUSTLER's December Asshole of the Month.

Even though she has sought and gained much media attention in recent months, you may not have heard of Marcia Womongold yet. If you haven't, you should become well acquainted with her, because she is an extreme example of a new wave of fanatics who are doing all they can to abridge your First Amendment rights. Ignoring the well-documented facts of the matter, Womongold is so convinced that publications like HUSTLER are responsible for violence against women that she advocates violence to wipe them out. Pretty funny logic....

But there's nothing funny about what Womongold has been doing in the Boston area. She has made regular forays into the streets of Beantown, pulling over racks of men's magazines and defacing with soap or ink those printed materials she finds objectionable. This past April she used a .22-caliber rifle to shoot out the window of a bookstore in Harvard Square selling men's magazines.

Although she was fined and put on probation for that terrorist action, Womongold doesn't seem to have learned any lessons. If anything, she's stepped up her call for destruction and



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Marcia Womongold

violence, saying, "I only regret that I didn't get the other four stores"—evidently referring to the sellers of men's magazines in the area. "When I'm off probation, I'm going to get an industrial-size can of liquid detergent," she says. "I'm going to drown all the magazines with it."

She even aims her frightening threats at publishers of such timid material as *Oui* and *Playboy*. "I'd like to burn down the Playboy Mansion," she says. "The only reason Hugh Hefner has nothing to fear from me is

because his brain is too small a target." Regardless of the size of Hef's brain, hinting at assassination in the name of censorship shows a shocking disrespect for the principles all Americans hold dear. Nor can we consider the threat an idle one when HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt was himself the victim of a would-be assassin last year in Lawrenceville, Georgia.

We wonder if it has ever occurred to Marcia Womongold that bullets are more dangerous than a copy of any magazine—even if you roll it up and hit somebody

over the head with it. And we also wonder if it matters to this confused crusader that her contention that exposure to pornography leads to sex crimes is pure and proven bunk.

In the last decade virtually every responsible study conducted on the subject has supported the conclusion that there is no evidence of any link between sexually explicit material and sexual offenses. Indeed, the 1970 Technical Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography attributed a decreasing rate of sex crimes in Denmark to an increase in the availability of pornography there. What's more, a 1978 report by a member of that commission found that "pornography may potentially serve to help to prevent or help to remedy sexual dysfunction."

In other words, the plain scientific truth is that not only is pornography not dangerous, but it may actually prevent sex crimes by providing a harmless outlet for potential offenders, while possibly helping to cure sexual disorders. This is certainly a far cry from Marcia Womongold's claims to the contrary.

There's not a pubic hair's worth of difference between Adolf Hitler—who burned books to prevent the German people from having knowledge—and Marcia Womongold, who dirties the worthy cause of women's rights by using it to promote censorship. Like Hitler, she wants to control what can be read and seen. Like Hitler, she is fearful of the truth. And those are prime definitions of the word *Asshole*.



Stick 'n' Span

Electrocutions are real killers to clean up after, but with the new Wastehouse Teflon Electric Chair there's no more sticky mess. Even convicts get a large charge out of the dandy new item.



It's What's Up Front That Counts

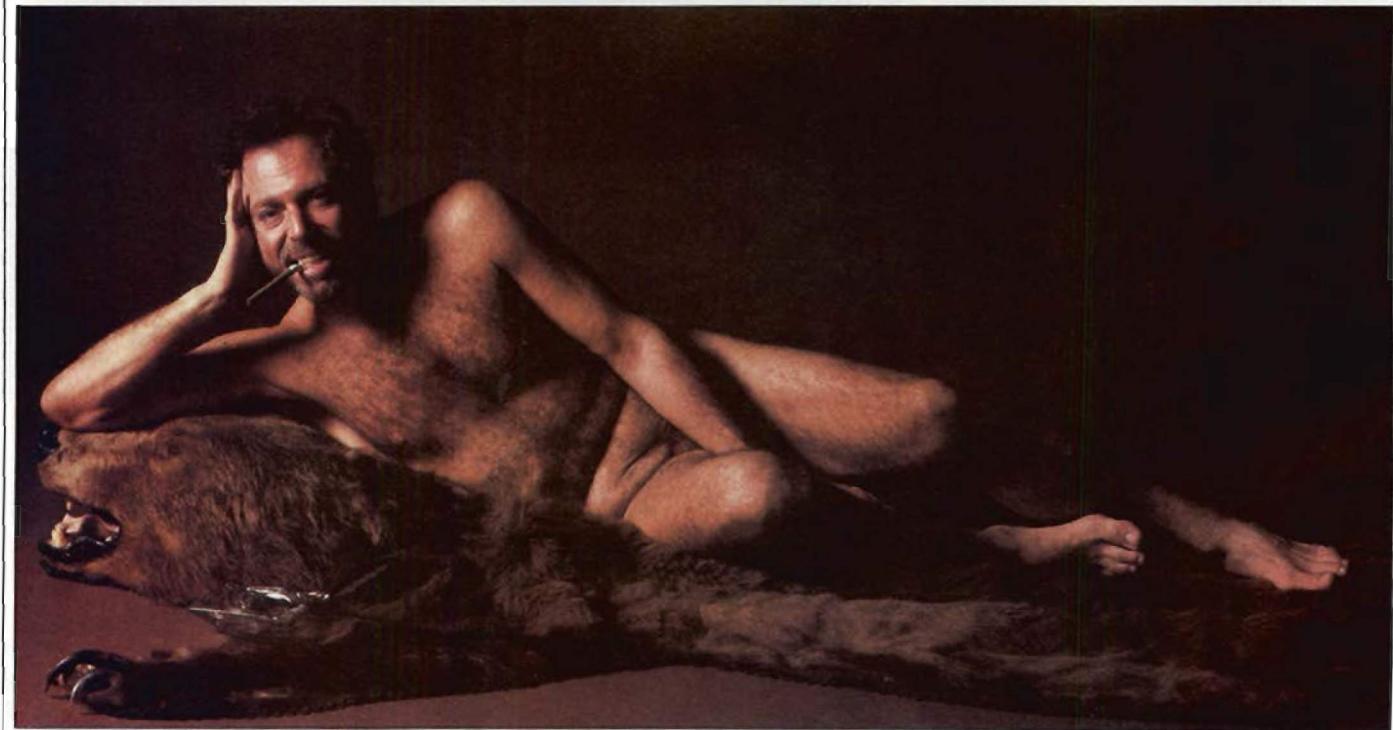
Losing your shirt in Las Vegas isn't new, but Sue Smith walked away \$1,000 richer after she took hers off. That was the prize for the "Nicest Chest in the West" at the annual World's Biggest Wet T-Shirt Contest. More than a thousand fans watched some 50 females compete not only for the "nicest chest," but in such categories as "Flat Is Beautiful" and "Big Is Best."



That Cosmopolitan Man

Still Ugly

Now that *Screw* Publisher Al Goldstein has become so thin, he wants to model for *Cosmopolitan*. The onetime boy wonder of porn has shed 120 pounds, but he's got a long way to go before he becomes an international sex symbol. The only thing Al's posed for so far is the label of a Hebrew National salami.



Hooray for Hollywood



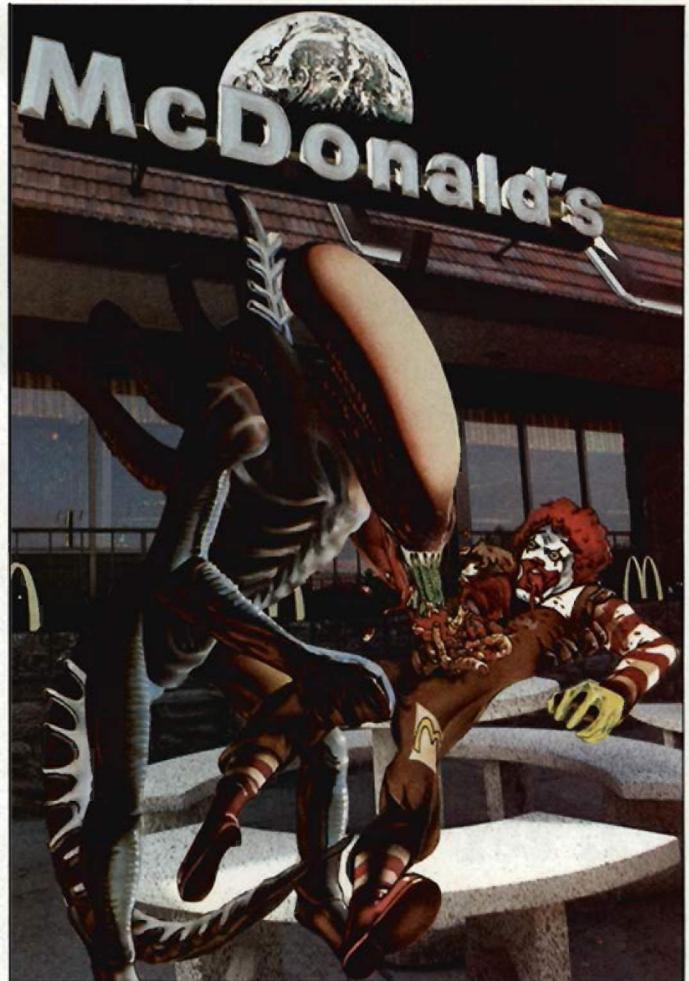
penguins in their shiny tuxedos, and acted as though the future of Western civilization hinged on their every word.

Luckily, the plucky crew from *HUSTLER* was there, trying valiantly to lower the show to the proper level of sanity and tastelessness. In the top photo on the left you see Contributing Photographer Suze Randall continuing her lifelong assault on good taste by flashing a little leg at a crowd of religious protesters. This same group benefited from an incoherent lecture on biblical interpretation by Senior Editor Michael Stott, who looked surprisingly dignified in a full-dress Scottish kilt. Meanwhile, the least interesting part of the evening—the passing out of awards—was going on back inside, as pictured in the bottom-left shot.

The winners of those awards included: Best Film, *Legend of Lady Blue*; Best Director, Armand Weston (*Take Off*); Best Actor, Aldo Ray (*Sweet Savage*); Best Actress, Deseree Cousteau (*Pretty Peaches*); Best Supporting Actor, Roger Caine (*Bad Penny*) and John Seeman (*Sweet Savage*), tie; Best Supporting Actress, Georgina Spelvin (*Take Off*); Best Screenplay, A. Fabritzi (*Legend of Lady Blue*); Best Photography, Jaoa Fernandez (*Take Off*); Best Foreign Film, *Joy of Fooling Around*, distributed by Cal-Vista International; Best Trailer for Coming Attractions, Johanna Williams (*Little Girls Blue*).



Every year hordes of cinemasmut moguls descend upon the Hollywood Palladium like flies upon manure to honor themselves at the Erotica Awards, the Adult Film Association's answer to the Oscars. This year the smut moguls were easy to spot; they looked like Day-Glo



Food for Thought

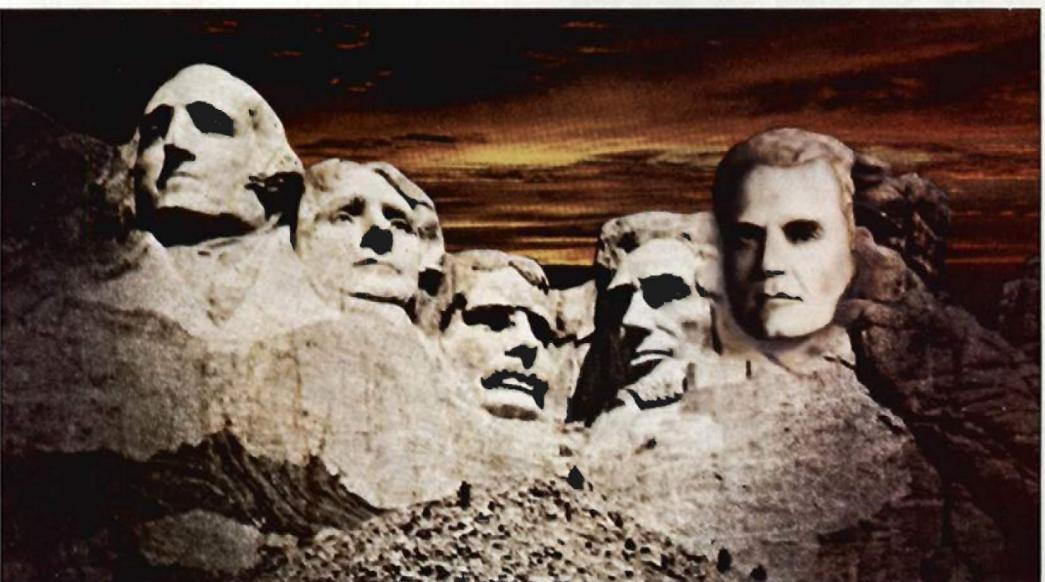
According to a top biologist, humans may be munching Big Macs on Mars in the near future. Penelope Boston, head of the Mars Project at the University of Colorado at Boulder, says a new process called "terra-forming" could make the

Red Planet suitable for humans within 50 years by using solar power to melt its polar icecaps. The Martians will probably enjoy dining at the Golden Arches, although aliens have a nasty habit of biting the hand that feeds them.

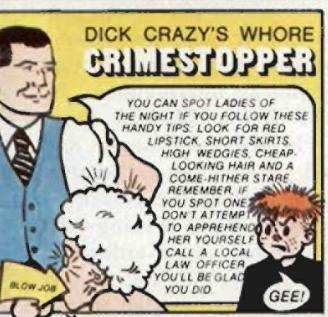
Giving Head

HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt has now taken his rightful place among the nation's immortals. He's been inserted into the hallowed Mount Rushmore lineup in recognition of his revolutionary discovery that guys like to look at split beavers.

Spokesman Abe Daisyhill of the President's Council on Public Erections says: "Before Larry came along we had absolutely no idea what that thing down there looked like. But now at last, thanks to him, men all over America have gotten acquainted with the pussy. Way to go, big fella."



HUSTLER'S Carnal Comics



Oral Sex

This guy wanted to go down the Hershey Highway, so he bought himself a girlfriend made from real chocolate. He found out that while getting a little brown sugar is a sweet experience, becoming involved with an overgrown candy bar definitely leads to a sticky relationship. The chocolate cutie came from Kron Chocolatier (9529 Santa Monica Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210).



Blue Cross to Bear

Feeling tired and run-down? It'll take a miracle to get you into the hospital if you don't have the right insurance. Don't be crucified by rising hospital

costs like this Fellow; act now before you become somebody's driveway.

The Man in the foreground, seen here with His mother, was

denied transportation by the ambulance-driver because he lacked identification. The driver told the Victim's mother: "I don't care if He's Jesus Christ—He's not riding in my wagon unless He shows me His Blue Cross card."



Smoking Area

Warning: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Emphysema, and Other Diseases.

Dead-on

Lung cancer is nature's way of telling you to stop smoking. Artist Gail Poffenberger felt a less drastic hint might be helpful, so he created this sign. It's perfect for your living room or office—or anyplace people insist on pursuing death at an early age. The sign is available for \$2.98 (plus 50¢ for postage and handling) from Gail Poffenberger (P.O. Box 445, Mantorville, Minnesota 55955).



Getting in the Habit

When the City College of New York's campus paper printed photos of a masturbating nun, it definitely aroused the student body. Unfortunately, instead of turning them on sexually, it turned them off politically. As a result the students voted to cut off funding for the paper by a slim 29-vote margin, proving that young people can be as repressive and close-minded as anyone else.

The paper will still be around for at least one more semester, though, since publisher Ralph Ginzburg has offered to support it with his advertising. It's not surprising that Ginzburg is so sympathetic, since he went to jail in the early '70s for publishing erotic pictures in his magazine *Eros*.

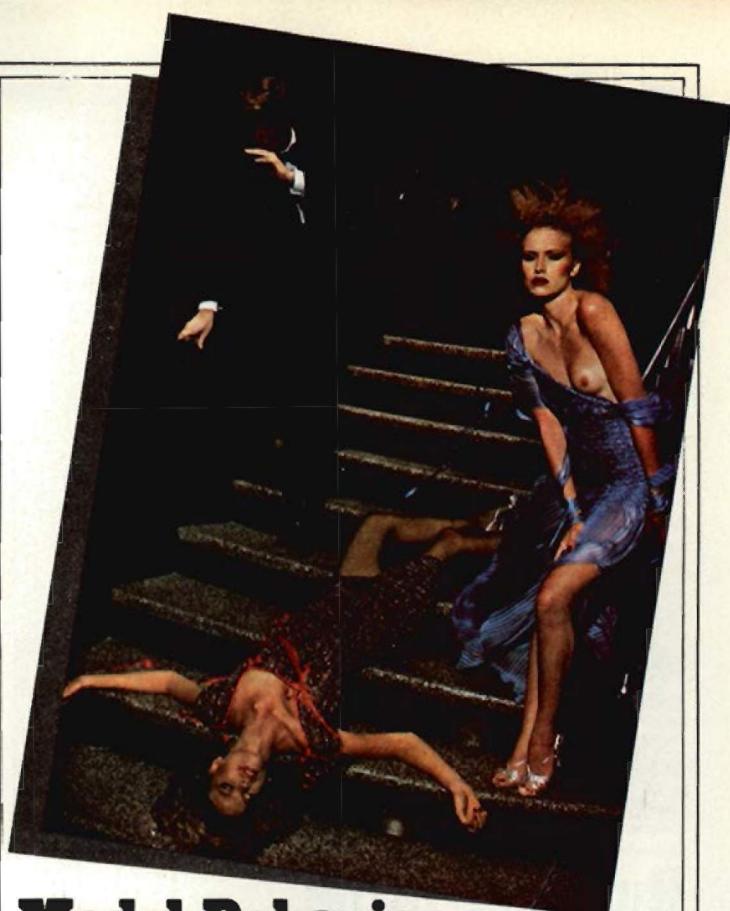
Ads We'd Like to See

WHAT DOES DAN WHITE THINK OF THE SMITH & WESSON .38 REVOLVER?

He says that after a candy bar and a Coke he often feels like killing a faggot politician. That's when Dan's glad he's got his .38, because it never lets him down. From first shot to last, he counts on it to get him the respect he couldn't earn for himself in a million years.



SPECIAL!! BUY A .38 NOW AND RECEIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE A COPY OF EX-MAYOR GEORGE MOSCONE'S RECORDING OF "I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO."



Model Behavior

Fashion photography is becoming more and more explicit every day, even though it's tough to keep the models from lying around on the job.

This shot from *Zoom* magazine is tame by *HUSTLER* standards, but it's good to see something other than the gingham girl-next-door.



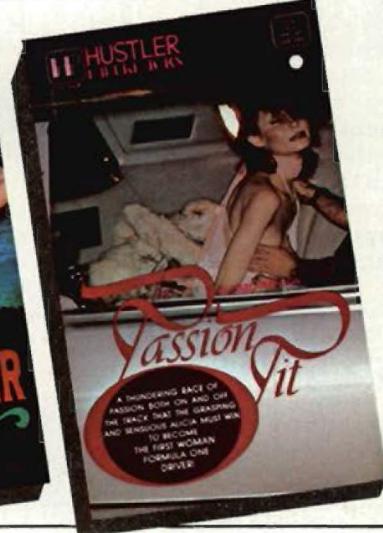
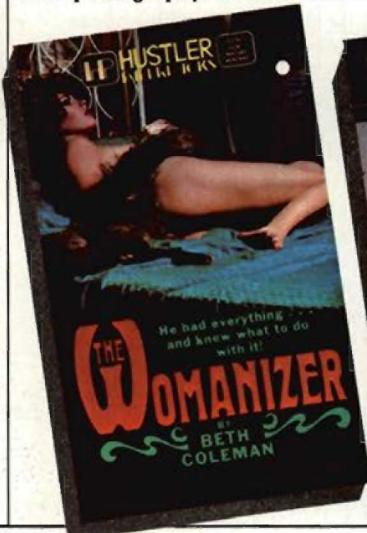
Crystal-Balling

Fortune-tellers know that fate often grabs you by the balls. So if you want to look into the future, you first have to look into the shorts—like the Gypsy reading this guy's cock. The cock is destined for a hard life, in which it will get screwed by a tall, dark pussy.

Making Book on HUSTLER

For more than five years now *HUSTLER* has brought you the finest in magazine journalism and photography. You'll find

that same winning tradition in the new line of *HUSTLER* paperback books, devoted exclusively to the pleasure of the adult reader. Our paperbacks are the second-best thing to curl up with on a cold winter's night (and we don't have to tell you what's first). So don't delay; rush right down to your nearest bookstore and pick up the whole series.



Purple People-eater

It's about time that *People* magazine was exposed as being the sleazy publication it is. President Carter brought *People* to our attention (on his televised speech to the nation last July 15) as prime evidence of the moral decay of our culture. While "pop" publications like *People* print pablum about shallow movie celebrities, it remains for *HUSTLER* to upgrade America's moral standards.

Heel, Girl, Heel

This example of artist Robert Blue's work is so exact you'd swear it's a photograph, but it's really a painting done in a style known as photo-realism. Blue's been doing his thing since 1972,

and it's obvious that practice makes near-perfect in his case. If you like what you see, be sure to keep your eyes glued to future issues of HUSTLER for a feature on his remarkable work.



Burning Issue

Following in the great repressive tradition of the Nazis and the Chilean Army, the congregation of a United Pentecostal church in Adrian, Michigan, staged an open-air book-burning. The fuel for this bonfire included "sinful" items ranging all the way from copies of HUSTLER and *The Ladies' Home Journal* to a record called "Sacred Hymns With Organ and Chimes." Those religious pinheads just prove that once you start fooling around with freedom of expression, nothing—and nobody—is safe.



We're Looking for Pornographers!

If you can write words like *fuck* and *pussy* you can get into the fast-growing world of smut. *Oui* magazine wants *you!* Discover the glamour and excitement of the pornographer's life by sending us a resume and a 3 x 5 frontal-nude photo. Then tell us in 25 words or less why you want to step into the high-paying career of *pussy-peddling*. Mail it all in, along with the attached coupon, to:

Oui Magazine
c/o Peter Brennan, Managing Editor
8560 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90069

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Hot Disc of the Month

Candy-O, The Cars' second album, may not pack quite the melodic punch of their first, but it's still high-fidelity proof that New Wave music doesn't have to sound like an assault on your eardrums, your

sanity or your intelligence.

The album offers a treat for your eyes as well: The cover girl is by Alberto Vargas, whose erotic artwork has been the standard of quality in the field for better than 30 years. For more on Vargas's outstanding work, go back and reread our review of his collected illustrations in September's HUSTLER.

The Real Thing?

Modern art isn't always just splashes of color or squiggly lines. Duane Hanson's sculptures are so lifelike that visitors at his exhibitions have tried to start conversations with them.

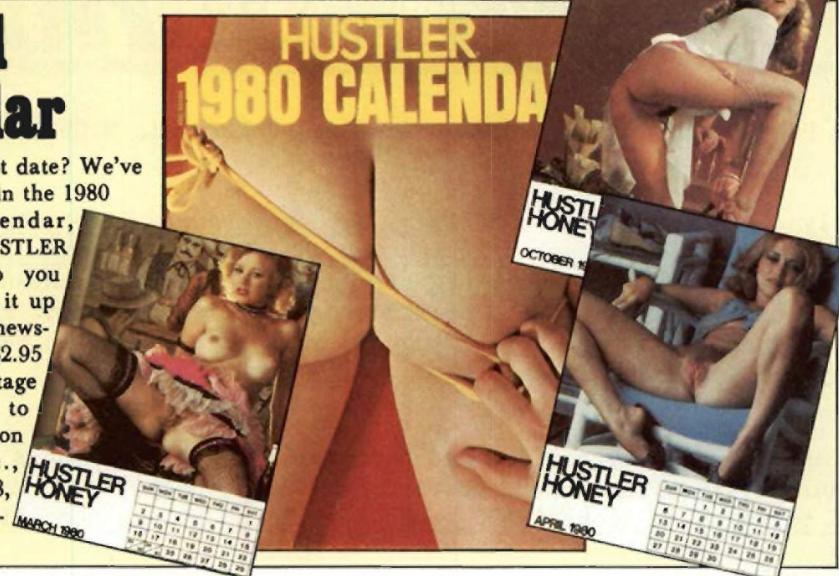
Duane often uses his work as a satirical tool, exaggerating common situations in the lives of ordinary people to create a visually provoking commentary on American life.

Hanson's people stand in houses and museums all over the world, proving that great art has the capability of transcending language and culture. The only thing we find hard to justify is having to shell out perfectly good money for fake degenerates, however artfully constructed; after all, so many of us have genuine ones who are more than willing to hang around the house all day for free.



Carnal Calendar

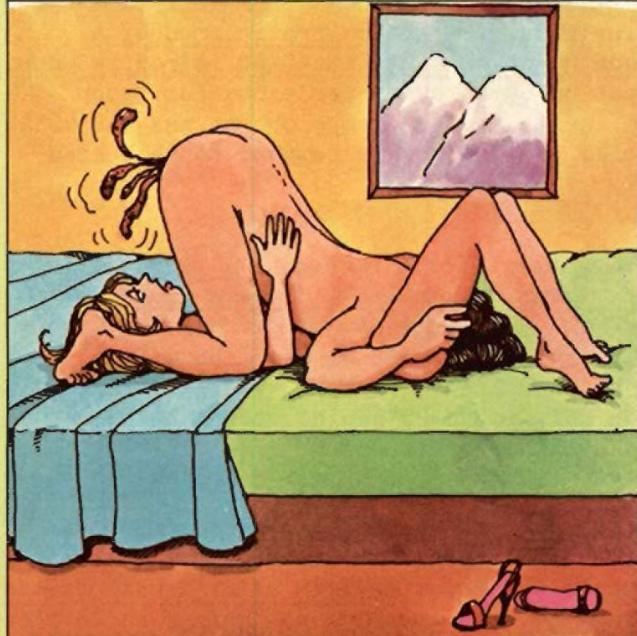
Looking for a hot date? We've got 366 of them in the 1980 HUSTLER Calendar, along with 12 HUSTLER Honeyes to help you make time. Pick it up at your local newsstand, or send \$2.95 (plus 50¢ for postage and handling) to Flynt Subscription Company Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067.



Sexual Hang-up

People have found a lot of ways to fool around over the years, but it looks like this fellow got roped into something a little over his head. Artist R. Max Brooks did this pussy picture with the same kind of humor, proving once again that sex needn't be deadly serious.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"You know, Harv, you really should do something about your hemorrhoids."

Hustler Update

STATE OF THE INDIAN NATION

January 1978



It was almost two years ago that we told you about the bitter poverty of the once-proud Sioux Nation. But that poverty may be a thing of the past following a recent court award of more than \$100 million to the tribe as compensation for the U.S. government's unconstitutional seizure of Indian land. The U.S. Court of Claims ruled that the government acted illegally when it took over Sioux territory without payment after the discovery of gold in the Black Hills of South Dakota more than a century ago. Things finally appear to be looking up for the Indians—but given America's dismal history, we suspect that they'll get screwed again someday.

BARRY REID

August 1977



Last month we told you how Barry Reid, the Wizard of ID, had been slapped with a 12-count mail-fraud indictment for selling bogus identification cards on a nationwide scale. Reid has now been convicted on six of those counts, all based on his deceiving customers of his company—Eden Press—into believing that his identification cards were valid documents approved for use in every state. Beginning in April 1976 Eden Press sold some 50,000 cards at \$5 apiece over a two-year period. Eden still manufactures the ID cards, but the format has been altered following a 1977 court injunction. Reid himself faces a possible 30 years in prison and a \$5,000 fine as a result of his conviction.



I Only Have Ice for You

The creative HUSTLER reader who sent us this picture said she modeled it after Larry Flynt, but it's obvious she's just trying to snow us. Everybody knows Larry doesn't have a red visor. However, Mr. Frosty looks like a good match for a frigid woman.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For December, \$100 and thanks to R. Max Brooks, Ross Fanucci, Mary Hudson and Dave Patrick.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Used underwear usually collects dust, not dollars, but one elderly Wisconsin man recently paid \$825 for a pair of frilly black-silk panties that belonged to the late sex goddess Jean Harlow. The panties were auctioned off during the annual convention of the Movie Nostalgia Society in Los Angeles. The previous owner, Alvin Freed of Riverside, California, said he hated to part with the Harlow lingerie, but "the recession has hit my used-car business badly and I needed the cash."

The heaviest man in medical history has slimmed down to a "thin" 475 pounds after a 15-month crash diet. When Seattle firefighters carried him into a hospital in March 1978, Jon Minnoch was estimated to weigh at least 1,400 pounds, although he was too ill at the time to be put on a scale.

The American family is heading for hard times, judging by the U.S. Census Bureau's findings that show the divorce rate doubling in recent years. Researchers estimate that if current levels of divorce persist, nearly four out of every 10 marriages will wind up being dissolved.

As strange as it may sound, a black activist and restaurateur named Robert McIntosh is hosting a "KKK Appreciation Dinner" at the University of Arkansas campus in Little Rock. McIntosh says he's throwing the affair to thank the Klan for its hatred of the "black thieves, pimps, rapists and dope-pushers" who he also despises. Klan Imperial Wizard David Duke played down the unusual celebration, saying that "it seems a tiny gesture when you think about how much the white majority has given to them." Like slavery, for example.

The odds against it were astronomical, but a New Zealand woman gave birth to a baby girl eight months after doctors had removed the surprised mother's uterus. The fetus apparently attached itself to her bowel and obtained enough food to survive.

Things have really been cooking in New York City lately, where police learned of a 250-pound nude woman apparently preparing a meal each night in a Manhattan storefront window. It turned out that the woman was acting in a play put on by an avant-garde theater group that likes to perform before two audiences--the one inside and the group out on the sidewalk. The woman stopped her act, however, before authorities decided how to respond to that kind of artistic expression.

Being bedridden might sound like an occupational hazard for a hooker, but an Italian court recently ruled that prostitute Olga Campese deserved compensation for her loss in earnings after being laid up because of a car accident. The judge awarded Olga \$3,250 for injuries and income lost during her 70-day hospital stay, the result of crashing with prospective customer Attilio Tonello on the way to her apartment. Tonello will probably think twice before arranging another meeting; he not only wound up paying more than he'd bargained for, but he was forced to explain the whole thing to his wife.

The "mock rape" staged by controversial artist Joy Poe at the opening of her Chicago art show seems strange even for the world of modern art. Although the rest of her work was hanging on the walls of the gallery, Poe herself became the chief exhibit after a male friend of hers pretended to attack and rape her as part of an artistic attempt to "change society's complacent attitude toward rape." But local art patrons changed their attitude toward the artist instead and reacted with outrage. Poe says she's had no further luck getting her work displayed at exhibits. *

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Betty Frame

Goes Limp: All my life I've had trouble putting my prick in a girl's pussy. I have no trouble getting a hard-on, but as soon as I'm ready to put it in, it goes soft. As a result, to achieve orgasm I have girls blow me.

About six months ago I met a really great woman who understands my problem, but who also wants regular intercourse. Is there anything I can do?

—J. H.
Somerville, Massachusetts

Yes. Since your penis will get hard, yours is not a physical problem but rather a psychological one. You are probably so worried about performing that you are a nervous wreck every time you make love. Anxiety does nothing to help you maintain an erection. For your penis to stay erect you must be aroused, while your mind must be totally engrossed in the pleasure of what you are doing, not worrying about your performance. If you are tired, bored, angry, anxious, even hungry, your sexual feelings will have to battle their way through these conflicting feelings in order to influence your penis. That's a tough job, since your penis requires undivided attention from your nervous system in order to function well.

If you are greatly concerned about your difficulty and if you are unable to talk candidly with your partner about it, you may need help. You may wish to see a psychiatrist or psychologist, but frankly your problem is a common one and one that is not too serious. You might want to pick up a copy of Male Sexuality: A Guide to Sexual Fulfillment (Bantam Books, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019; \$2.95).

This informative paperback book by Bernie Zilbergeld, Ph.D.—clinical psychologist, head of the Men's Program and co-director of clinical training of the human-sexuality program at the University of California, San Francisco—is very easy to read and understand. Chapters 17 through 19 deal with erection problems and what to do about them. Specific exercises are described for specific problems. Some of these exercises are done alone, others with a partner.

One exercise that you can do alone is to masturbate until you have an erection, then let it go completely down. When your penis is soft, resume masturbating until you again achieve an erection. The purpose of this exercise is to make you confident that you can regain a lost erection.

The first exercise that you can do with a partner involves her playing with your soft penis while you focus on the pleasurable feelings, not on getting an erection. The purpose is to get both of you comfortable with your soft penis and to help

eliminate any pressure on your part to perform.

Dr. Zilbergeld's book is not the only good one on the subject, but it is easy to follow. So give it a try, and above all, take your time and have fun.

Virgin Woes: I've got a problem that's important to me. I'm a virgin and I've tried to get laid, but my boyfriend's dick doesn't go in me. He's tried to lay me several times, and it doesn't go anywhere. He says I'm going to break him. What can I do to get laid? I want to so bad. It hurts every time we try. Please help me. It's embarrassing for me because he says I'm too tight.

—Name Withheld by Request
Hanover, Maine

There's no need to feel embarrassed—your problem is very common. Either the opening in your hymen (outer end of the vagina) is still very small, or you're afraid penetration will hurt—or both. When you're nervous, your vaginal muscles tense up, causing the opening to constrict.

First see a gynecologist, who can tell you, after a gentle pelvic examination, whether or not your hymen has been stretched or torn and whether or not your pelvic anatomy is normal. (Ask about birth control too.)

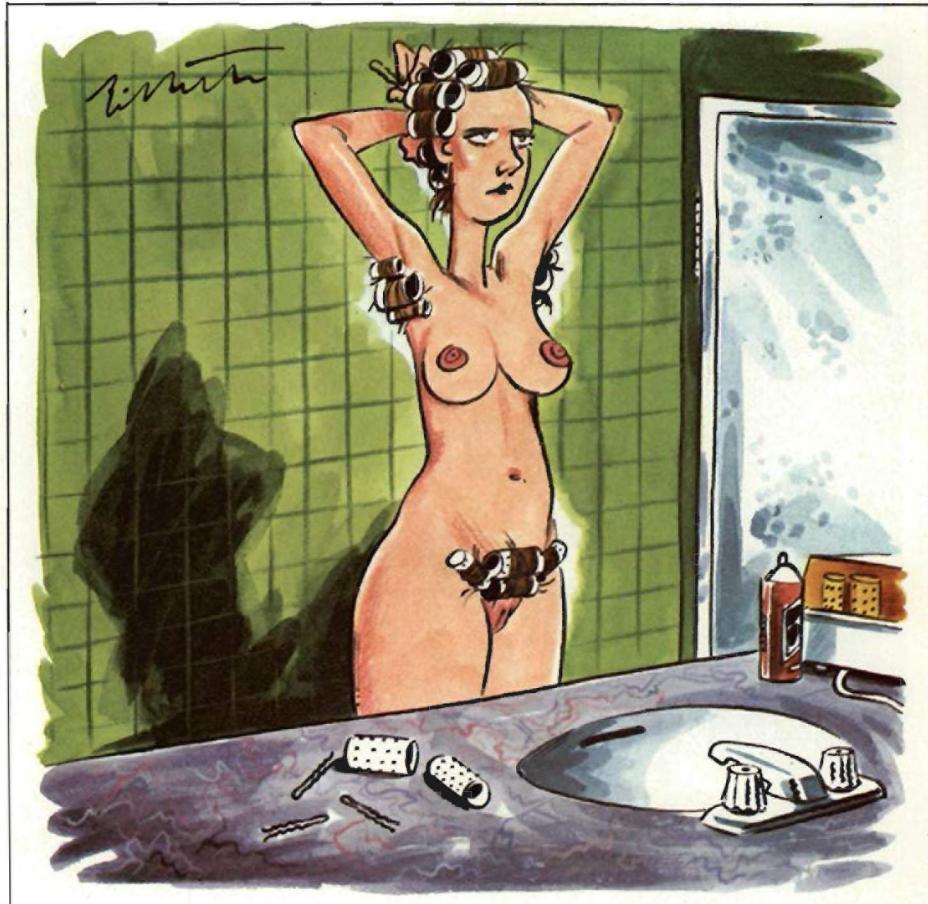
If the vaginal opening has not been sufficiently stretched to allow comfortable penetration by a penis, then you can begin stretching it with your fingers or with vaginal dilators recommended by the doctor. Start with one finger or a small dilator and slowly stretch the vagina a little each day. (K-Y jelly is a good lubricant to use.) It will likely take a few weeks, so don't rush.

When you become completely familiar with your vagina and are comfortable inserting something into it, teach your boyfriend how to insert his finger and gently stretch the vaginal opening. As you become more relaxed, you will notice what feels good, and soon your stretching exercises will become a part of your foreplay.

After a short time you should be feeling better about your problem and not so nervous about "performing." Getting rid of tension is half the battle. Remember, there's no hurry. It may take several such sessions before you are relaxed, stretched and naturally lubricated enough to comfortably have intercourse.

Close Shave: I'm young, attractive and blond, with mounds of golden pubic hair. I am interested in shaving my pussy because I love to have it eaten, and all the hair gets in the way. I want to know the safest way to shave it, or the safest hair-remover. —S. D.
Millersport, Ohio

There are three common ways to remove pubic hair. One is to take a hot bath and then shave the area, using a very sharp safety razor. Another is to use an electric razor. Both can cut the sensitive skin in the pubic region, so take your time and be careful. The third method is to use a depilatory cream (hair-remover). Read the directions and



follow them, and pay particular attention to the section describing how to test your skin to be sure it's not too sensitive for the product.

All three methods can be irritating. Although most women seem to prefer using a safety razor, you should try all three to determine which is best for you. When you try the safety razor, use a new blade and apply baby lotion instead of shaving cream. Before applying a depilatory cream, protect the vaginal lips with a thick layer of cold cream. These measures should help reduce irritation to the sensitive skin.

Remember that no hair-removal method is permanent. You will have to repeat whichever one you choose quite often and regularly to keep the area smooth and bristle-free. Stubble can be itchy and uncomfortable for you and irritating to your partner.

An alternative to removing pubic hair entirely is to trim it short with a sharp pair of barber's scissors. This method has definite advantages: You are less apt to irritate or cut the skin, and you won't have a scratchy bristle appearing after a few days. Also, since pubic hair helps to maintain sexual aromas, your lovers may prefer that you not do away with it completely. You can cut the hairs short enough so that they are no longer in the way during oral sex, yet are still pleasing to the touch, taste and smell.

Bigger's Better: My husband loves to look at big-busted women. I am a 36 bust-size now, but he is always after me to do exercises that will enlarge my bust. (I've had one child, and I'm not as firm as I once was.) He

has even mentioned my having a silicone injection. Are they legal? If so, could you tell me how I can get information about them? I'm too embarrassed to talk to a doctor until I learn more about silicone.

—D. G.
Sacramento, California

Use of silicone injections is not authorized by the Food and Drug Administration, due to their attending complications—relocation of the silicone within the breast; gradual deflation of the breast; development of silicone tumors, breast cysts and patchy colorations of the skin; and interference with the blood supply to the breast (leading to gangrene and amputation of the affected gland).

Two surgical techniques are currently being used for breast-enlargement. Both involve implanting a self-contained device beneath the breast and against the chest wall. The implant is made of nonreactive, medical-grade silicone. One method is to implant a plastic bag molded in the shape of a breast and filled with a gelatinous mass of silicone. These gel-bag implants, which adhere to the chest by means of mesh patches, are available in various sizes. They feel like firm, young breast tissue and weigh no more than a comparably sized breast.

The second procedure is to implant an inflatable silicone bag, then fill it slowly with a mild saline solution or a fluid similar to plasma. Unfortunately, this liquid can leak out through the valve where it is injected. Should this happen, neither of these substances is harmful to normal tissue. This type of implant requires a smaller

incision than the gel-bag does and, because the fluid is injected in small amounts, can produce almost a tailor-made result, especially in thin women. The advantages of the gel-bag, however, are that it cannot leak (there is no valve) and that the inner material will not wander if the bag is broken.

The operation can be performed under either local or general anesthesia (as the patient prefers), and the hospital stay ranges from a few hours to a few days. To avoid unsightly scars on the breast the incision is sometimes made under the breast or around the areola. The latest technique is to make the incision through the armpit. Recovery time is usually minimal, and there is generally no problem moving the arm.

Before you rush into the operating room, remember that there is always a risk of complications with any type of surgery, no matter how simple. Women have reported problems ranging from insensitive nipples and hard breasts to long and painful recovery times. (See September 1978's *Sex Play* for one woman's account of her experience.) Clearly, factors such as your general health and the experience of your doctor should also be considered. Ask your gynecologist to recommend a surgeon who specializes in this type of cosmetic surgery.

Gay Pen Pals: I am a 22-year-old gay male incarcerated at the Indiana State Reformatory. I'm seeking information detailing how I might possibly join an organization for gay prisoners in the United States. Is there a group that publishes a newsletter giving names and addresses of other imprisoned gays with whom I could correspond?

—B. C. C.
Pendleton, Indiana

One or more of the following organizations can probably help you: Gay Community Service Center (1213 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California 90038); Brothers Behind Bars Join Hands (P.O. Box 42242, San Francisco, California 94142); The Metropolitan Community Church Prison Ministry (c/o The Reverend Tere Roderick, P.O. Box 1706, San Luis Obispo, California 93406); Dignity Prison Ministry (P.O. Box 18479, Cleveland, Ohio 44118); and National Gay Prisoners Coalition (P.O. Box 1000, Marion, Illinois 62959).

The following publications also serve gay prisoners: Through the Looking Glass (P.O. Box 22061, Seattle, Washington 98122); and Voice of Prison (Box 520, Washington State Penitentiary, Walla Walla, Washington 99362).

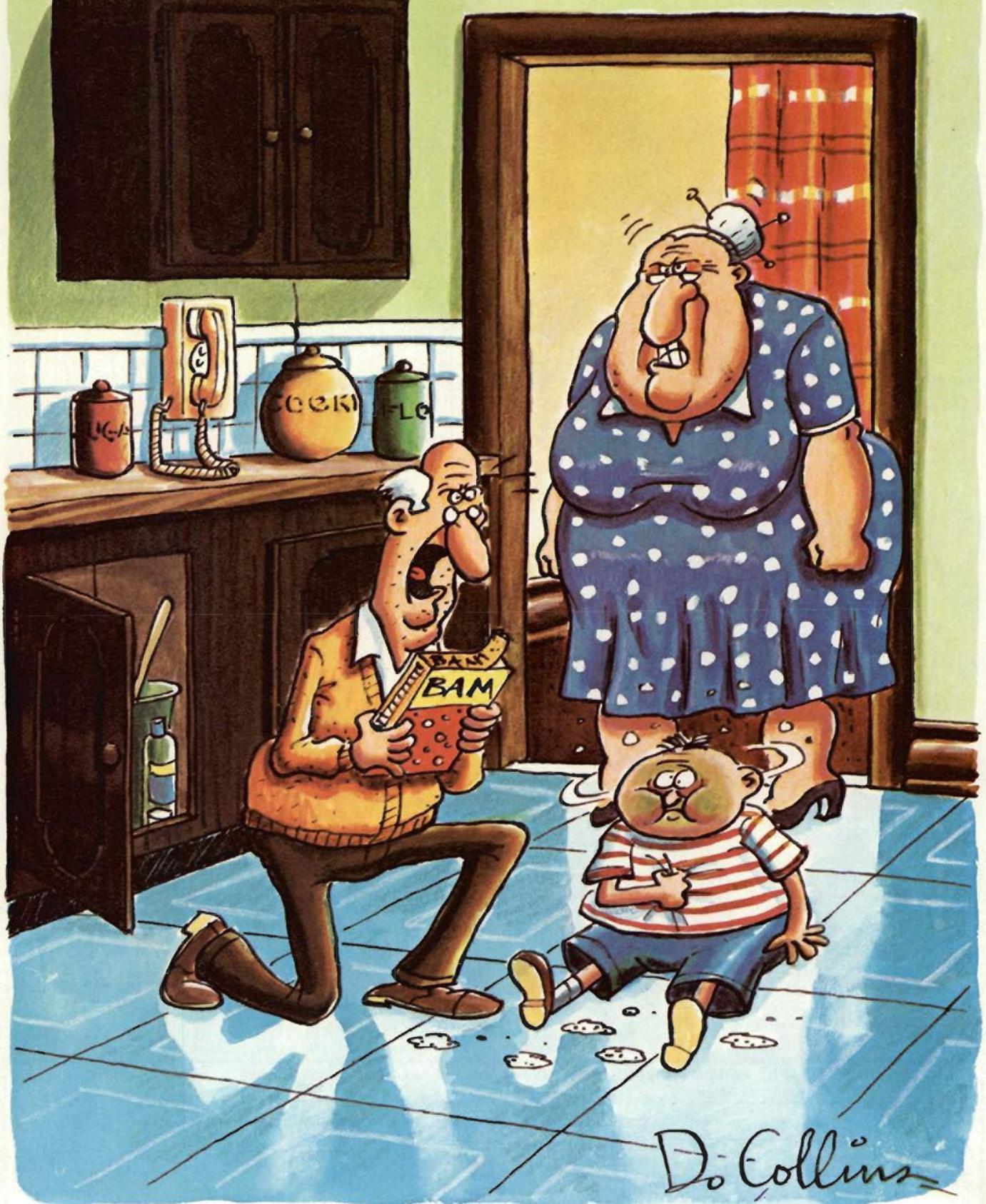
In addition to writing to the above organizations and publications, you may wish to subscribe to The Advocate, which claims to be the largest gay newspaper in the country. Its address is 1730 South Amphlett, Suite 225, San Mateo, California 94402. You can get a one-year subscription (26 issues) for \$15.

One more group you might try is Prison Pen Pals (c/o Lou Torok, Director, P.O. Box 1217, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202).

Fatty Fan: I have an affinity for women
(continued on page 32)



"Sorry, I ain't into 'straight' or 'french'... how much for fist-fucking?"



"It says, 'If swallowed, induce vomiting.' Quick, Noreen! Show him your pussy!"

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER!



DEBI

Get down and get earthy with this month's centerfold. Debi's a real pro—so be there when she gets your bases loaded as she makes a grand slam with her baseball bat.



DEBBIE

Let's roll with November's Honey, who's gonna disco-skate you out of your inhibitions as she strips down to her wheels and shows you that things really do go better with Coke.

FEATURING

HUSTLER HONEYS



CHRISSE

July's campfire Honey makes friends with her flashlight, begging for more with those big blue eyes. And more is what Chrissie gets. Light up your life with this sexy girl-next-door.



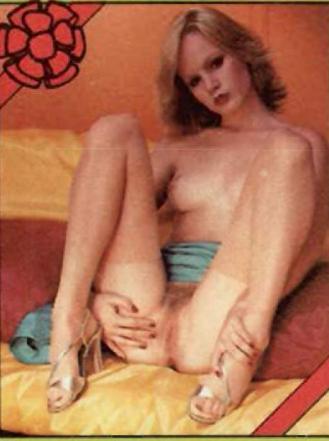
LOLITA

Lolita (October) looks sweet and innocent, but underneath she is a ripening passion. Share a young girl's wet dreams as she returns home from school and humps her dumpty.



INGA

Here's October's centerfold in action. When a dive into a swimming pool does nothing to cool Inga down, the young lady takes on a full bottle of champagne.



BEAUTY

What happens when Beast's Beauty (November 1978) grows up to find the Beast just isn't enough? Watch her on the rampage trying to satisfy her voracious sexual appetite.

Give your friends a hard-on for Christmas with six of HUSTLER's hottest Honeys. They'll make your wet dreams come true as they share their steamiest sexual experiences with you. Act now to take advantage of our special Christmas offer—any two Honeys of your

choice for just \$32 (in regular 8mm) or \$42.50 (in Super 8mm). Otherwise the films are available in regular 8mm (\$19.95), Super 8mm (\$24.95) and Super 8mm with FULL SOUND (\$39.95). Or see all six girls on VHS or Beta for \$99.95.

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 Deb Inga
 Chrissie Beauty

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mo. year

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 Regular 8mm (\$19.95 each) Special: 2 Super 8mm (\$42.50)
 Super 8mm (\$24.95 each) Postage and handling \$2.50
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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Michael Stott

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Sweet Savage

They're using every inch of marquee space to sucker in passersby to see this feeble flick, but those giant letters don't stress the title. Instead, they trumpet the name of Aldo Ray, perhaps the only legit, middle-aged screen idol to make the unlikely transition to sex films.

A star of *God's Little Acre* and *The Naked and the Dead*, Ray has admitted publicly that he only agreed to be in *Sweet Savage* because he "needed the money." He also insisted that he not be on the set when the sex scenes were being shot—so if you buy a ticket to see Aldo fuck, forget it. He keeps his pants firmly buttoned for all 101 minutes, and that may be why he's the only player who comes out of this celluloid rip-off unscathed.

Sweet Savage is an embarrassment on every level, including its premise. Set in the Old West, the story tells how a young Indian girl, Shy Dove (Bethanna), returns to the reservation from an Eastern school, bringing with her the civilized notion that sex should be taken out of the fertility rite and put back in the bushes where it belongs. But she's raped by a band of local cow-pokes before she has a chance to influence the tribe's sexual mores, and suspicion for the crime falls on Damon (John Hollabaugh), a cowboy she's



Even with straight Hollywood actor Aldo Ray (below, left) 'Sweet Savage' is a feeble celluloid rip-off.



Screen idol Ray keeps his pants on all the time in 'Sweet Savage.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	ERECTION
	A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
	Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
	HALF ERECT
	So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT
	A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
	TOTALLY LIMP
	A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

been screwing with on the sly.

Naturally, this puts her red-skin brethren on the warpath. Shy Dove's brother abducts Damon's sister and rapes her repeatedly in his teepee. The real culprits, organized by bad guy Banner (Ray), get swift justice at the end, of course, thus keeping the code of the Old West intact—which is more than can be said for Shy Dove, several badly cast Indian maidens and the integrity of this film. The sex scenes are pedestrian, and while Bethanna has a sensational body, she moves with the verve of a mistuned robot—most of the time completely out of sync with whoever's fucking her.

On a technical level the film—while opening with lush, promising photography—quickly degenerates. Shots within the same scene drastically change color, the music track is inappropriately romantic, and most of the acting and dialogue is just damn silly. After the first rape, for example, Shy Dove rides back to the Indian camp lying across her horse's neck but apparently unharmed. Divining, as if by magic, that she's been raped, her brother asks, "Who did this to you?" And that's what I



John Hollabaugh and Bethanna play Cowboy & Indian in 'Savage.'

asked myself as I staggered out of the theater.

Sweet Savage was written and directed by Ann Perry.

—Manny Neuhaus

The Sensuous Detective

The promotional literature for this film calls it "the best X-rated comedy adventure of the year." However, somewhere between the script and the last cut most of the "humor" and "adventure" went out the window: What's left is the plot and the porn. The plot has several hackneyed twists, some that will leave you wondering and some that are explained in one brief and unexpected burst of dialogue—a cinematic cheap-shot. That leaves the porn—which, it must be admitted, is excellent.

The Sensuous Detective stars John Leslie as Mac Donald, a San Francisco private eye hired by tycoon Phillip Morris to check up on his three children—Walter, Joanie and Carol. Morris believes his offspring are trying to kill him in order to inherit his millions faster than nature intended. But before Mac and his assistant Kelly (Serena) can finalize the assignment, they learn that

someone's bumping off the siblings almost as fast as the randy duo can find 'em and fuck 'em.

That discovery, however, doesn't prevent porn veteran Leslie from driving all over the San Francisco Bay Area and screwing everything but the Golden Gate Bridge with his usual energy. And fans of Serena, the porn world's best-known masochist, will doubtless be delighted to find her bound and cock-gagged by Walter Morris and performing obediently with Mrs. Morris in a hot and amusing lesbian scene.

Considering that this is the first film by director M. M. Dimitri, *The Sensuous Detective* fairly gushes with horn-inducing hard-core sequences, some of which are fresh and original. Dimitri handles the obligatory group-grope sequence, for example, by having Mac barge in on an orgy in search of one of the Morris daughters. One by one, he interrupts each couple, trio, foursome, etc., and shows each sweaty participant a picture of the girl he's after. When he finally does find her, it's not hard to guess how he introduces himself.

The Sensuous Detective ends clumsily in a badly conceived, miserably shot scene in which the real identity and motiva-

tions of the killer are disclosed. But the dramatic sloppiness at both ends of the film is partly made up for by the excellence of the eroticism. The female cast includes two of the most talented women in porn today—Laureen Dominique and Jesie St. James. —M. N.

Long" Jones (Johnnie Keyes), that the Cactus will win the season opener. So it's little wonder that he gets uptight when his chaperoning schemes get as out of hand as a loose ball in the end zone.

The cheerleaders themselves include two of the bustiest beauties who have ever dangled their wares on the silver screen. Pepper (Lisa De Leeuw) and Roxy (Suzanne Nero), together with two others whose tit development far exceeds the average—Goldie (Debbie Evans) and Tamara (Candita Royal)—act with flair and a high degree of sexual realism. This is particularly true of Ms. De Leeuw, a saucy, pigtailed tyke with freckles, bright-red pubic hair and mammoth mammarys that demand a bra designed for the *Guns of Navarone*. The scene in which she's butt-fucked on a rural dirt road during a rainy night will delight all lovers of shit-flecked mud-squirming.

In the role of Tamara, sex-film veteran Candita Royal comes up with her best porn performance in several years. She's Frieda Fruehauf's favorite, and goes along in rapt delight when Frieda dresses her up in protective gear in the dressing room and impales her with a strap-on dildo.

The first 20 minutes of *Pro Ball Cheerleaders* went a little slow—hence the three-quarter-erect rating. But after that the film delivers more comic energy and sexual high jinks than any



In 'Cheerleaders' things get as out of hand as a loose ball in the end zone.



Lisa De Leeuw takes a time-out in the men's locker room in 'Cheerleaders.'

other smutty laugh-riot I've seen this year. It's well worth a visit.

—M. S.

Bangkok Connection

Cheerleaders

The pert Oriental beauties in *Bangkok Connection* may fool some of the audience some of the time. But the rest of us shouldn't be hoodwinked by the exterior shots of Bangkok airport into thinking that it was really shot in Thailand. This flick is as German as an uncircumcised bratwurst. Poorly dubbed into English, it's got an unbelievable plot and a silly leading man. It also suffers from occasional lapses of camera focus. But in the sex area it delivers the goods with full Germanic precision.

"Our hero" (so-called by the dubbed narrator) has apparently lost his luggage at the Bangkok airport. To his amazement he finds that the path to its retrieval is blocked by a baker's dozen of dirty broads from various racial backgrounds. For reasons equally unknown they find "our hero"—a hippie with shaggy blond hair—to be as sexually irresistible as a millionaire with a permanent hard-on.

First he's bedded by an airline clerk—a black woman so devastatingly beautiful in both face and body as to be unrivaled by any current porn

queen, foreign or domestic. Then a titillating Thai hotel receptionist takes him into the luggage room, where they play search and seizure on the suitcases. Following that the hippie is shanghaied by three wives

whose husbands have temporarily deserted them for the local brothel. When the husbands return to find him in midstroke, they punch him cold and give each of the wives a thorough spanking.

The score so far is five chicks and a knockout, but "our hero" isn't finished yet. When he finds his hotel room and crawls into bed, an Oriental maid tickles him into rigidity with her feather duster. "Make fuckee, and I tell where suitcase is," she says. Not bad for one day in Bangkok.

The next day, of course, brings an even greater variety of foreign pussy to his overbanged cock—despite his innocent, foppish reluctance to have any part of it. But while the dumbness of both the plot and the dubbed dialogue may be distracting, the action (both comic and sexual) zips along at a fine pace, thanks to a really professional editing job.

Most of all, though, it's the stunning array of multicolored beauties that makes *Bangkok Connection* a fair bet for solid erotic escape.

—M. N.



'Bangkok Connection' delivers the sex goods with Germanic precision.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

- Babylon Pink
- Bad Penny
- Easy
- Legend of Lady Blue
- MisBehavin'
- Sex Roulette
- The Ecstasy Girls

Three-Quarters Erect

- A Woman's Torment
- Anna Obsessed
- Debbie Does Dallas
- 800 Fantasy Lane
- Happy Holiday
- Heavenly Desire
- Jack 'n Jill
- People
- Satin Suite
- Serena
- Sex World
- The Other Side of Julie
- The Pleasure Palace

Half Erect

- Carnal Games
- China Sisters
- For Richer, For Poorer
- Here Comes the Bride
- Invasion of the Love Drones
- Laura's Desires
- Little Orphan Dusty (Dusty)
- Pizza Girls
- Pussycat Ranch
- Taxi Girls
- Telefantasy
- The China Cat
- The Little Blue Box
- The New York Babes
- The Untamed

One-Quarter Erect

- Blue Perfume
- From Holly With Love
- Hot Honey
- Hot Lunch
- Hot Rackets
- More Than Sisters

Totally Limp

- Candy Goes to Hollywood!
- Fur Trap
- Hardcore
- Tropic of Desire

BOOKS

Edited by Michael Stott

The Layman's Guide to Fasting and Losing Weight

By Phillip Partee; Sprout Publications, 5241 Ocean Boulevard, Sarasota, Florida 33581; \$5

Back in 1976 Dick Gregory ran 2,980 miles—from Los Angeles to New York—without consuming any solid food. He was 44 years of age at the time, and he averaged 50 miles a day. If he'd been eating a typical American diet—presweetened snack foods, say, or frozen, breaded, long-dead chicken—he probably would have collapsed after the first day. And let's face it—most of the rest of us would have too.

In his introduction to *The Layman's Guide* Gregory correctly describes the book as "concise and brilliant." Author Partee has done his homework, and his thoughts on fasting are trimmed of verbal fat. He tells you why you should do it, how to do it and what happens to your body when you do it. And every word is as clear, refreshing and inspirational as a glass of pure water.

So why should you fast? The reason is simple: If you eat like you're told to eat on television, you're filling your body with about four pounds of chemical preservatives, colorings, flavorings, stabilizers and other additives every year—not to mention pesticides, insecticides, lead, arsenic and a host of other common toxins found in most American foodstuffs. As a result of such a diet the body accumulates waste material and poisons, particularly in the colon, and becomes as clogged, choked and inefficient as an untuned Mexican taxicab.

Partee maintains that fasting (together with enemas) can cure your poisoned body and help it reestablish its natural health and balance. When you stop eating, your body clears itself, naturally enough, of all food. Then it begins to use up its stored nutrients and defective

tissue components. The author calls this process of self-consumption—"autolysis"—nature's miracle cure for most of what ails us. And, incidentally, it's the only cure in the entire field of medicine that costs you absolutely nothing. In fact, you can even make money on the deal: Just stop buying groceries!

In *The Layman's Guide* Partee prescribes "scientific fasting"—a process involving careful pre-fast preparation. But the steps he suggests (including checking with your doctor first) are simple, easy to follow and within the reach of everyone. This is one of the few books I've ever read that can genuinely change your life for the better.

—Joe Benn

Chers Amis

By Janet Belden Beyda and Frank Beyda; introduction by Nicholas Meyer; Pomerica Press Ltd.; distributed by E. P. Dutton & Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$15

Throughout history mankind has assigned human traits to animals and objects, perhaps because it is comforting to think of the universe operating in human terms. The word for this is *anthropomorphism*, and examples of it extend from the sphinx of the ancient Egyptians to our own culture's Donald



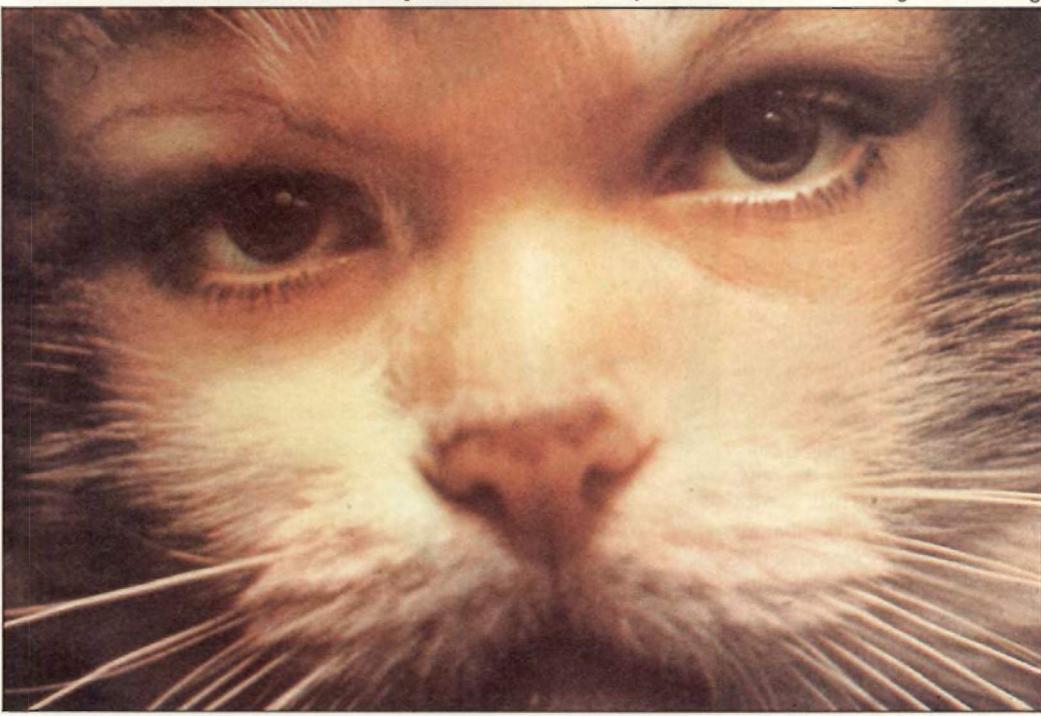
'Chers Amis' is a surrealistic look at man and the animal kingdom.

Duck, Mr. Ed and C3PO.

The thirty-odd photos in *Chers Amis* (French for "Dear Friends") employ a radical new technique developed by the producers of the book, through which animal and human personalities are fused together with startling and sometimes grotesque results. You'll see what I mean from the selections that appear on these two pages. They look for all the world like snapshots from a family re-

union of bestiality buffs.

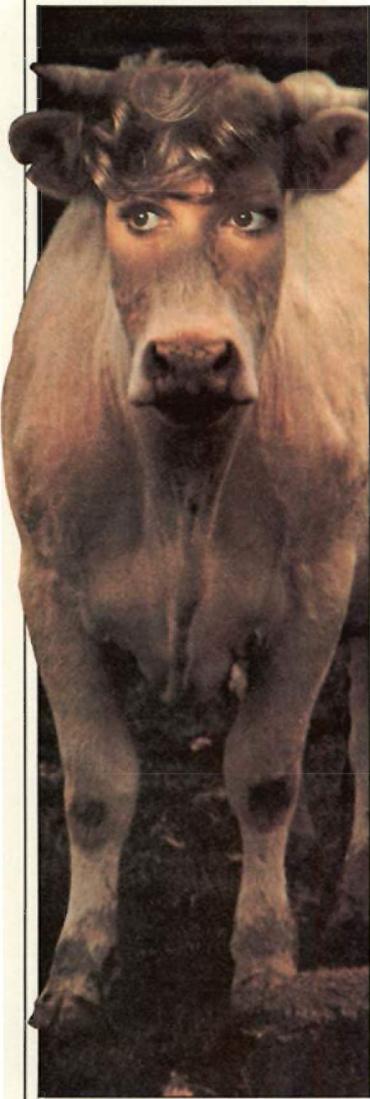
Chers Amis is plainly a novelty item with little or no serious meaning—the kind of book that would make a great gift for a casual friend who happens to be an animal-lover. A hit in the original French edition, this English-language version may be a little hard to track down at your local bookstore. Write to the publisher at the above address if you'd like to see more. —Jonathan King



In 'Chers Amis' animal and human personalities are fused together with startling and sometimes grotesque results.



With the holidays around the corner 'Chers Amis' would make a great gift.



132 Ways to Earn a Living Without Working [For Someone Else]

By Ed Rosenthal and Ron Lichty; St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010; \$5.95

Seven million employable people are out of work in the U.S. *132 Ways* won't help all of them, but it covers enough moneymaking activities to inspire the laziest bum to roll up his sleeves and get down to business. More important, it does so in such a lighthearted way that it makes the prospect of starting work seem like fun. For this reason the book compares favorably with traditional guides to career-planning—those stodgy texts that make the most enjoyable occupation sound as appealing as being chief snot-wiper at a flu clinic.

It should be noted that a few of the activities described by Rosenthal and Lichty are not exactly legal—marijuana-dealing, prostitution, and distilling and selling your own hard liquor, for instance. But the authors are careful to point out the applicable laws in these

cases, and most of the jobs they list are as respectable as refinishing floors or selling live bait.

Their intent is to furnish a balance between what could be called free-form enterprises—jobs that allow you to supervise yourself and work your own hours—and more-or-less straight gigs like running a telephone-answering service. In each case they briefly describe what a job entails, suggest other sources of information about it and warn the reader about any risks. (They caution would-be moonshiners, for example, to maintain strict quality-control so they don't convert customers into stiff.)

132 Ways is not a get-rich-quick book. "We're offering you an opportunity to stay human," write the authors in their preface. "People who labor at work they don't like are not living well no matter how much money they make"—sane and refreshing words as we reach the end of the most inflationary decade in this country's history.

—J. K.

Images of Woman

By Robert Farber; American Photographic Book Publishing Company, Inc., Garden City, New York 11530; \$9.95

Among photographers of the female form there are those (like HUSTLER's Baes, Randall and McLean) who believe in sharp, clear images that reveal the sexuality of their models without bullshit. Then there are those who believe it is artistic to muddy up their models' femininity with a lot of fuzzy shadows and barely-in-focus shafts of light. Robert Farber

represents an extreme example of this second category, and the recent reprinting of his photo collection, *Images of Woman*, proves how hard it is to keep these gauze-and-Vaseline freaks in their place.

What we've got here are more than 50 sad-looking naked women who seem to be desperately trying to vanish into the background. Some of the pictures are toned in varying shades of bilious green, while others run the gamut of the yellow/orange spectrum. The result of this perverse avoidance of most of the colors God saw fit to bless our planet with is that *none* of the models look to be made of flesh and blood.

Not content with keeping the details of his dehumanizing craft to himself, Farber has the audacity to explain to the reader exactly how he does what he does. All the sickening tools of his trade are listed: hair spray for the lens; petroleum jelly smeared on a skylight filter; "pushing" the film (overexposure) so that clear body lines become fractured and fragmented—this man obviously has no shame whatsoever!

Farber occasionally tries to justify his techniques by making comparisons with the world of painting. For instance, his notes on "At the Bath" (a picture of a virtually invisible chick sitting on a toilet while gazing fondly at a soiled towel) tell us that it was "inspired by the Impressionist painters such as Degas." I've got news for Mr. Farber, Degas' pictures are alive with cunningly placed patterns of light, and the Frenchman himself would have told Farber exactly where he could stuff his gauze!

—Carol Humphries



In 'Images of Woman' Robert Farber muddies up women's femininity.

Sex researchers estimate that as many as 80% of adult American males, primarily in the 30-to-60-year age group, have occasional problems with sexual potency and function. And it is not unusual, say these researchers, to find young men between the ages of 20 and 25 with potency problems. But a really horrendous statistic is this one: Up to 40% of American men in the 30-to-60-year age bracket have chronic sex difficulties, and many of these consider themselves over the hill as far as a satisfactory sex life is concerned!

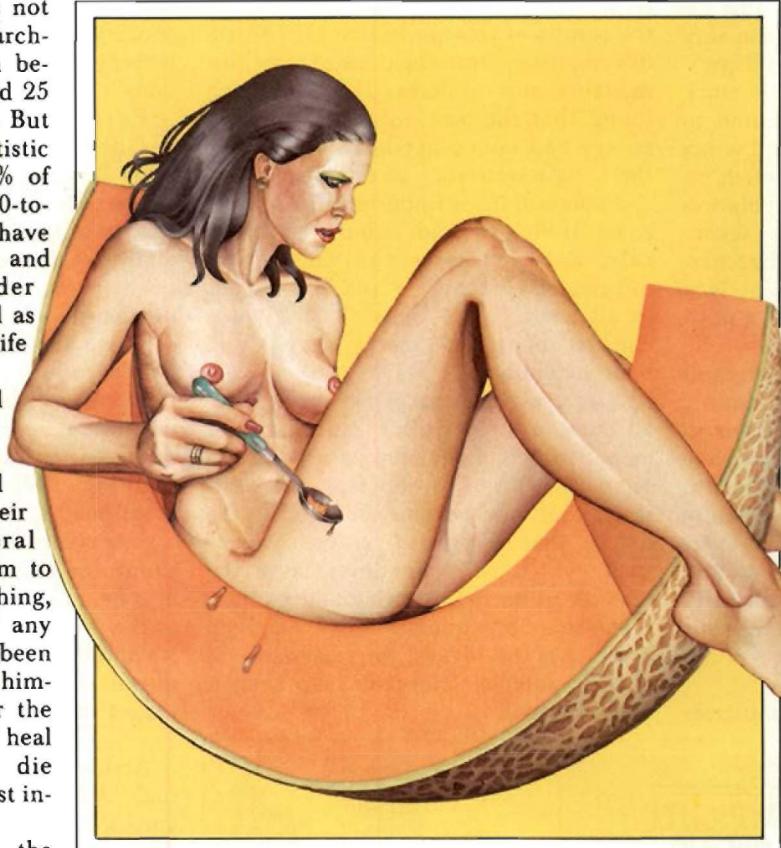
I'm a nutritionist, and over the years I've helped many people overcome their sexual problems as well as their problems with general health. I make no claim to cure anybody of anything, because no doctor, or any other person, has ever been able to cure disease by himself. (If it were not for the body's natural ability to heal itself, we would all die quickly from the slightest infection or injury.)

But the body, and the human being within it, can't be relieved of physical or psychological distress if it doesn't get the right foods. And that's as true of sexual problems as of any other kind.

What are the major causes of male sexual dysfunction? Well, there's seldom one single cause. Usually a number of significant factors work together cumulatively to create poor performance or no performance at all. And these factors generally include one or more of the following: stress; eating junk food; lack of exercise. These are the very same factors that condemn too many American men to early graves due to strokes, heart attacks and premature degeneration of the organs. What's good for your sex life is good for your overall health; conversely, what's bad for your sex life can kill you as surely as a bullet.

Let's briefly examine each of these areas, starting with stress. Helen S. Kaplan, a medical doctor and Ph.D., maintains in her book *The New Sex Therapy*

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



SEX AND NUTRITION

by J. D. Brown

(Quadrangle) that "stress can damage sexuality profoundly." The reason is simple: Stress causes chemical changes in the body that can lessen sexual desire. In Vietnam, when GIs were about to go into combat, it was found that their adrenaline levels increased and the testosterone (male hormone) levels decreased. The soldiers were simply not interested in sex. But after a patrol or an attack the testosterone levels rose again and the adrenaline levels dropped. The results for most men were immediately apparent—they were less tense and *very* horny!

You may never have been a soldier, but did you ever stop to consider what a battlefield our daily life has become?

Heavy traffic, air pollution and constant noise are but a few of the daily stresses we have to contend with, not to mention on-the-job tensions. Sexual dysfunction can easily result from a stressful life, and once begun, it sets up its own psychological and emotional patterns that make all other forms of stress seem doubly aggravating.

Masculine pride suffers whenever a man fails to "perform" sexually to the satisfaction of both parties. And after a few such failures a man can become so discouraged and fearful of failing that he doesn't want to try anymore. Subconsciously, he'll avoid failure by pretending that he doesn't feel horny, or he'll blame his wife for failing to turn him on. And that's the beginning of a lot of failed marriages.

Yet my antidote for stress is simplicity itself—a sound regimen of good nutrition augmented by vitamin and mineral supplements. Few people realize that stress uses up the vitamins in the body at a tremendous rate. One hour of high stress can eat up 5,000 units of vitamin A, 250 milligrams of vitamin C and up to 100 milligrams of vitamin B complex. In our stress-filled, polluted world we must take vitamin and mineral supplements if we want to enjoy a long life (with all its pleasures) while

at the same time avoiding degenerative diseases.

Junk foods, especially sugary snacks, act as further rigidity-sappers. They are virtually guaranteed, because of their high refined-sugar content, to increase general fatigue and encourage grouchiness. The worst culprits are pies, cakes, cookies, candy, white bread and biscuits, carbonated beverages and so-called ice cream. Consumed at a speedy rate and loaded with such 20th-century inventions as chemical additives, preservatives, dyes and the ever-present white, refined sugar, they can contribute to a host of degenerative diseases. High blood pressure, kidney and liver ailments, cancer, diabetes, hypoglycemia

and heart diseases can be traced to our fad for eating colorful garbage.

The sedentary existence of most adults in this country is another contributing factor to sexual problems. One of the underlying causes of an inability to maintain an erection, for instance, is poor blood circulation. Our blood vessels start to clog up from the time we are about six months old, and the way we run our lives can either slow this process or hasten it. But most of us work our eight hours and then go home to flop in front of the television. And when we're watching TV, we often slouch on the couch, thus impairing circulation further and possibly causing severe problems of the spine and central nervous system. For TV-watching sit in a posture chair, or at least assume a position of good posture on the couch.

An increasing number of men and women are now jogging, swimming, playing tennis or working out in health clubs. These activities are bound to have beneficial results on one's overall health and circulation, both of which directly affect your sex life. If you combine exercise with a diet excluding garbage and containing a program of vitamin and mineral supplements, you can help your body rid itself of almost anything, including sexual dysfunction.

What are the main vitamins, minerals

and food supplements necessary for optimum sexual health? I'll start by mentioning *ginseng*, a root first consumed in Manchuria more than 5,000 years ago. Extensive research into ginseng's effect on humans was recently conducted by Dr. Brekhman of the USSR Ministry of Public Health. Russian authorities were so impressed by the results of this study that they introduced ginseng into the diets of their cosmonauts and athletes. Dr. Brekhman found that the root not only increased energy and endurance but also built up the body's resistance to disease.

Vitamin B-12 is important for sex because it helps build strong red blood cells and increases the amount of oxygen carried by the red blood cells to all parts of the body. B-12 gives a marked boost to energy levels and boosts stamina.

Zinc is a vitally necessary mineral for all human beings, but especially for men, as it's one of the chief ingredients of sperm. If zinc is deficient, the prostate gland may become enlarged to the extent that it presses on the urinary tract, which can sometimes cause the bladder to become swollen and painful. Next to poor circulation, an enlarged prostate is the biggest physical cause of male impotence. Zinc can help keep it under control.

Vitamin B-3, or *niacin*, is one of the most important aids to improving circulation. It's therefore vital to your diet if you want to achieve and maintain an erection.

Vitamin E is another circulation-helper. It reduces the tendency of the blood platelets to "clump" into blood clots, and acts as an anti-oxidant, thus conserving oxygen in the blood and helping to send it to all parts of the body.

Para-aminobenzoic acid (PABA), despite its tongue-twisting name, is another B vitamin that, according to nutritionist Dr. Carleton Fredericks, can exert a stimulating effect on the sexual ability of the male. Its chief function is to help in the assimilation of other nutrients.

There are several valuable herbs that help to reduce swelling and improve the function of the male prostate gland. They are *saw palmetto*, *damiana* and *muira puama*. All of these herbs have a boosting effect on the nutrients already mentioned.

One more substance, not an herb, should be mentioned here because it is also beneficial to the health and vitality of the prostate. It's called *royal jelly*, and it's produced by bees. It causes the queen bee to live as much as 20 times longer than the worker bees.

At this point you're probably thinking, "All of this sounds great, but how am I going to round up all these ingredients and take them in the right proportions?" Good question, and the answer is simple: There's a product on the market that combines all of them correctly in one tablet. It's called *Gin-Sex*, and it's available in most health-food stores. It's not a cure-all for every problem concerned with sexual potency, but in my opinion it's the best available product on the market because of its unique combination of time-tested, proven ingredients for sexual health. And the contents are in the right proportions, making the tablet much more effective than a hit-or-miss type of program in which the ingredients would be taken separately.

I usually recommend taking one *Gin-Sex* tablet about half an hour before going to bed, regardless of whether sexual intercourse is planned. There is no danger in taking two, three or even six in one day, but I suggest smaller dosages at first because of the flushing effect of the niacin (B-3), combined with a slight itching sensation. After a week or so the flushing will disappear, and then the dosage can be stepped up. (The flushing (continued on page 119)



J. Kohl



Anton LaVey

DISCIPLE OF THE DEVIL

Some five months after blacks rioted in the Watts section of Los Angeles and precisely nine days after surgeons in Houston implanted an artificial heart into a human chest for the first time, a tall, barb-bearded, self-proclaimed sinner named Anton Szandor LaVey shaved his head, donned a black cape and publicly declared himself to be High Priest of the Church of Satan and the year 1966 to be 1 A.S.—1 Anno Satanas.

In the 13 years since that dramatic debut in San Francisco, LaVey has epitomized—from a Judeo-Christian perspective at least—all that is evil. He shocked many by conducting melodramatic Black Masses in which he would lead the congregation in the recitation of the Lord's Prayer—backwards. For Communion he would dip a triangular holy wafer into the vagina of a naked female—who served as the altar—for sanctification. When it was sufficiently moistened, LaVey and the naked young women he chose as acolytes would break the wafer into pieces and place them on the tongues of the parishioners.

It was showmanship, Satanic and simple, but not entirely unexpected, coming from a onetime carny, cop and calliope player whose prepubescent years had been spent poking around in books dealing with the supernatural and the occult. For the next four years or so, using stage props and costumes, LaVey

entertained a world fascinated by the black arts and magic, while titillating a press enthralled by the bizarre.

The Satanic shenanigans practiced by LaVey and his followers at the infamous Black House in San Francisco's posh Sea Cliff district drew thousands of the curious, including clerics. LaVey and his Church of Satan became the subject of a cover story in *Look* magazine, plus scores of other articles and scholarly investigations. His peculiar brand of Satanism inspired books and music, including such compositions as the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil," as well as "pro-Devil" music by Led Zeppelin, Santana and King Crimson.

LaVey's romantic involvements included such famous stars as Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield, and reports of his "great Hollywood connections" were and still are beyond dispute. He made a number of appearances in movies dealing with the occult, the most celebrated of those being Roman

Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby*, in which the High Priest portrayed the Devil.

Then, a year or so after being a guest on Johnny Carson's *Tonight* show, and shortly after being featured in *Time* magazine in June 1972, LaVey did a "disappearing act" that was as cold-bloodedly planned as the formation of the Church of Satan had been in the first place. He did so because he was tired of pandering to the press and had grown weary of playing games; but more important, the first man in America to organize a bona fide religion based on Devil-worship had begun to take himself and his philosophy of self-love, self-indulgence, seriously.

"I found our efforts being relegated to cultic proportions," LaVey explains to me late one night at his home, a warlock's hop, skip and jump from the Cliff House. "I realized that I was being processed by the media into something very sectarian, and instead of attracting those who were truly serious about the black

PROFILE BY FRED HARDEN

Illustration by Gary Ruddell

arts, we were drawing more and more of the 'crazies,' the nuts who really believe the Devil has horns and cloven hooves."

LaVey—handsome in a Mephistophelian way with his Manchurian mustache and pointed goatee—tells me: "Invoking Satan is simply invoking the powers in oneself. We do not accept the Christian image of Satan as an anthropomorphic being with cloven hooves, a barbed tail and horns. This concept was devised by Christianity and used by its white magicians to terrorize people so they would not stray from the fold. Satanism is a religion of the flesh, rather than of the spirit; therefore, an altar of flesh in the form of a woman is often used in Satanic ceremonies."

Our talk takes place in the darkened study of LaVey's home, replete with human skulls and demon heads, secret panels, trapdoors, a basement bar and two organs.

The San Francisco house is one of three. Another is located in Hollywood, where LaVey spends considerable time these days serving as consultant and technical director for films dealing with the occult. The third is located on a hilltop overlooking the Valley of the Moon, in the Sonoma Valley north of San Francisco, where a "Satanic soulmate," writer Jack London, once lived.

The Black House is no longer painted

black, and Anton LaVey no longer wears the collar of a priest. Contrary to published reports, says LaVey, members of the Church of Satan never did take part in public orgies, although sex has always played an integral part in the rituals conducted publicly and privately. The holding of services within the Church of Satan has diminished in recent years; they are generally reserved for special occasions.

For six years following the founding of the Church of Satan on that Walpurgis Night of April 30-May 1, 1966, Anton Szandor LaVey practiced his black magic, espousing a new religion of indulgence in the Seven Deadly Sins—anger, pride, envy, gluttony, lust, sloth and avarice.

Borrowing liberally from men he called "earlier Satanists"—such as Nietzsche, the Knights Templar, Faust and the celebrated English Satanist, Aleister Crowley—LaVey designed a new religion based upon man's natural instincts, "a religion devoted to earthly matters, a place where people can come and pray for their material, carnal desires."

LaVey calls those early days of the church his "prankish" years, admitting that he was vying for public attention to publicize the Church of Satan as a true vehicle of the black arts, "a place where

people could come to practice a philosophy more in tune with reality."

Early Satanic rituals conducted within the confines of the San Francisco grotto generated a lot of ink in newspapers and magazines, whose editors were excited by the specter of naked women dancing to the crashing music of an organ. These rituals were held in a chamber painted blood-red and coal-black, under the sign of the ancient deity Baphomet.

Changes took place gradually. LaVey and the men and women who made up the church's ruling hierarchy became troubled by the "public aspect" of it all. The church had attracted many well-educated people from all strata of American society who were earnest about the practice of ritual magic. But it was also drawing thousands of hippies, avant-garde bohemians and people who were trying to make a guru of LaVey.

"We set a twofold program for the church," explains LaVey. "Get rid of the crazies and soft-pedal the publicity. The press, in its perennial quest to sensationalize, failed to see the changes taking place in me and the church. Unless there was sex or something they could play cutesy with, then they weren't interested."

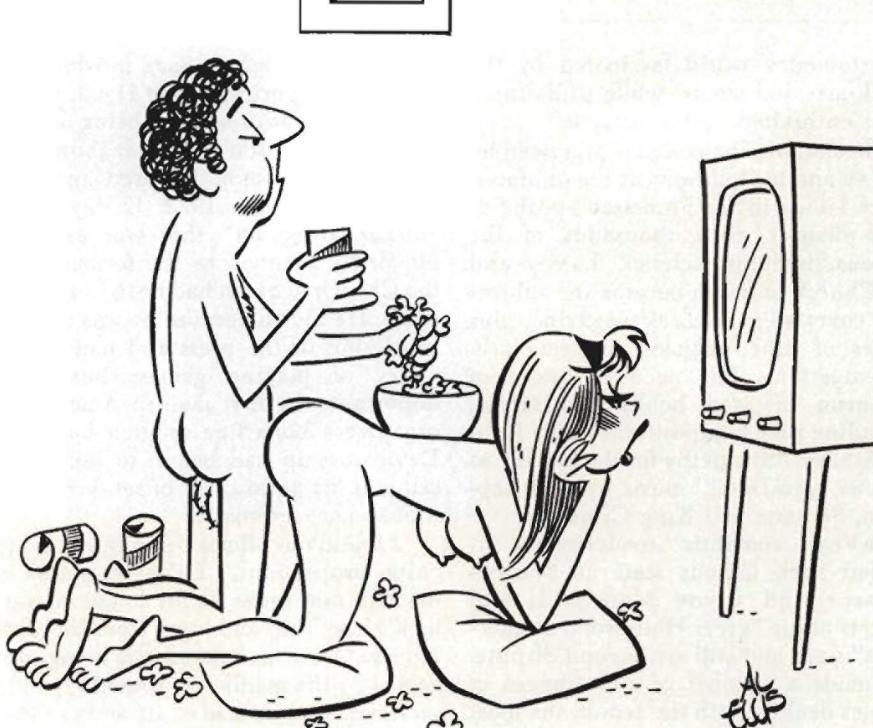
In 1972 LaVey and his fellow church officials—the Order of the Trapezoid—decided to cease all public activities to prevent the church from becoming provincialized.

Dr. Marcello Truzzi, an authority on the occult and occult movements and head of the Department of Sociology at Eastern Michigan University, has known LaVey some 12 years. "A great change has taken place since Satanism has gone underground and LaVey no longer has public grottos going," notes Dr. Truzzi. "LaVey has been able to deal more introspectively with his Satanic philosophy since he has gotten away from the crazies. It's a very elite group now, more selective in general about those they admit to the inner circles of church membership."

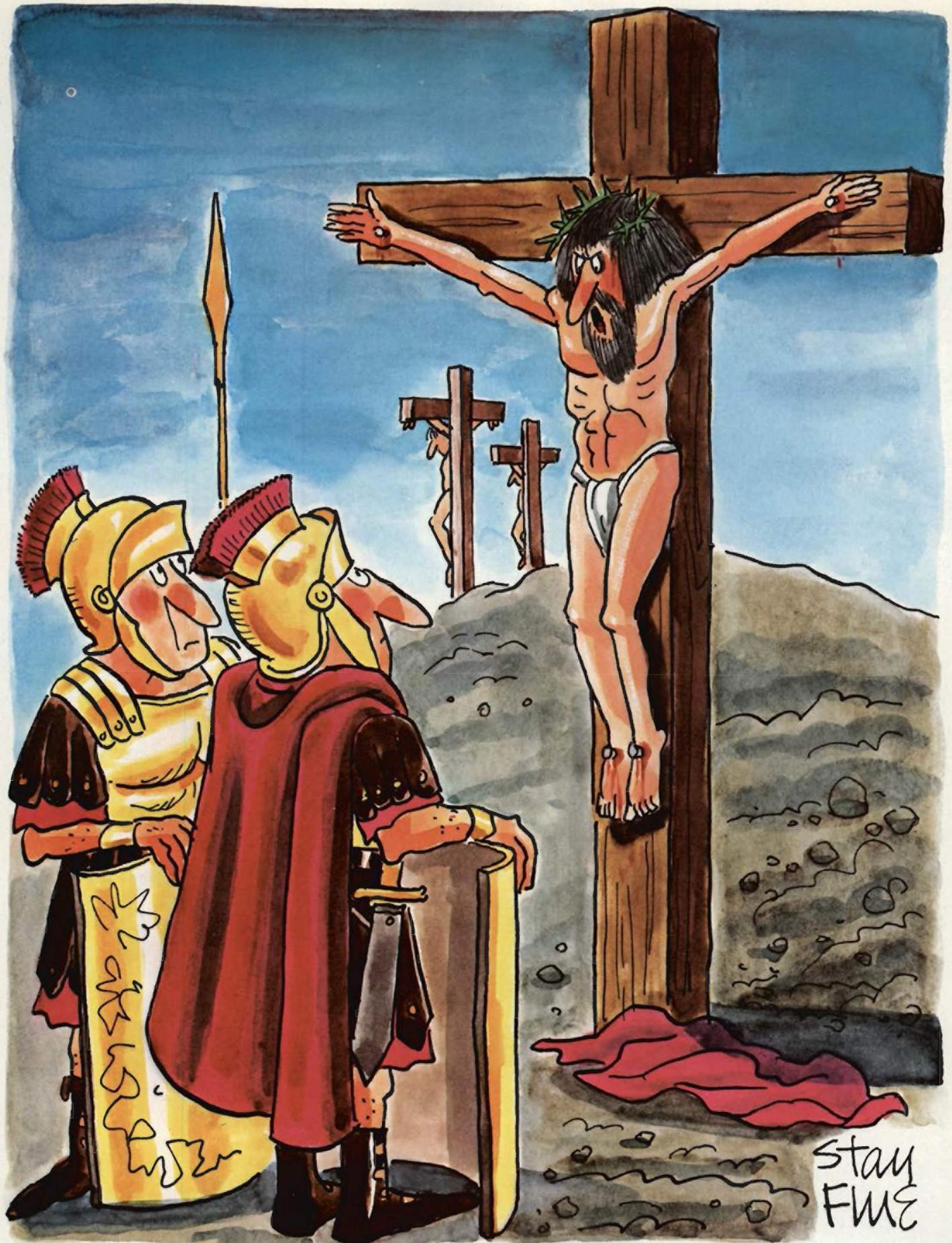
While membership in the church is now restricted, millions of others around the world are practicing Satanists. Enough of them exist, in fact, to make LaVey a modestly wealthy man. His publisher, Avon Books, a subsidiary of Hearst Publications, reports that sales of his *Satanic Bible* and *The Satanic Rituals* have been very good. The former has some 400,000 copies in print; the latter about 150,000.

In a 1972 article Dr. Truzzi wrote that the Church of Satan had acquired the sociological criteria to rate being

(continued on page 48)



"While the stations along the football network identify themselves, won't you take this opportunity to dust the popcorn from the crack of my ass?"



STAY
FWE

"You haven't heard the last of this!"

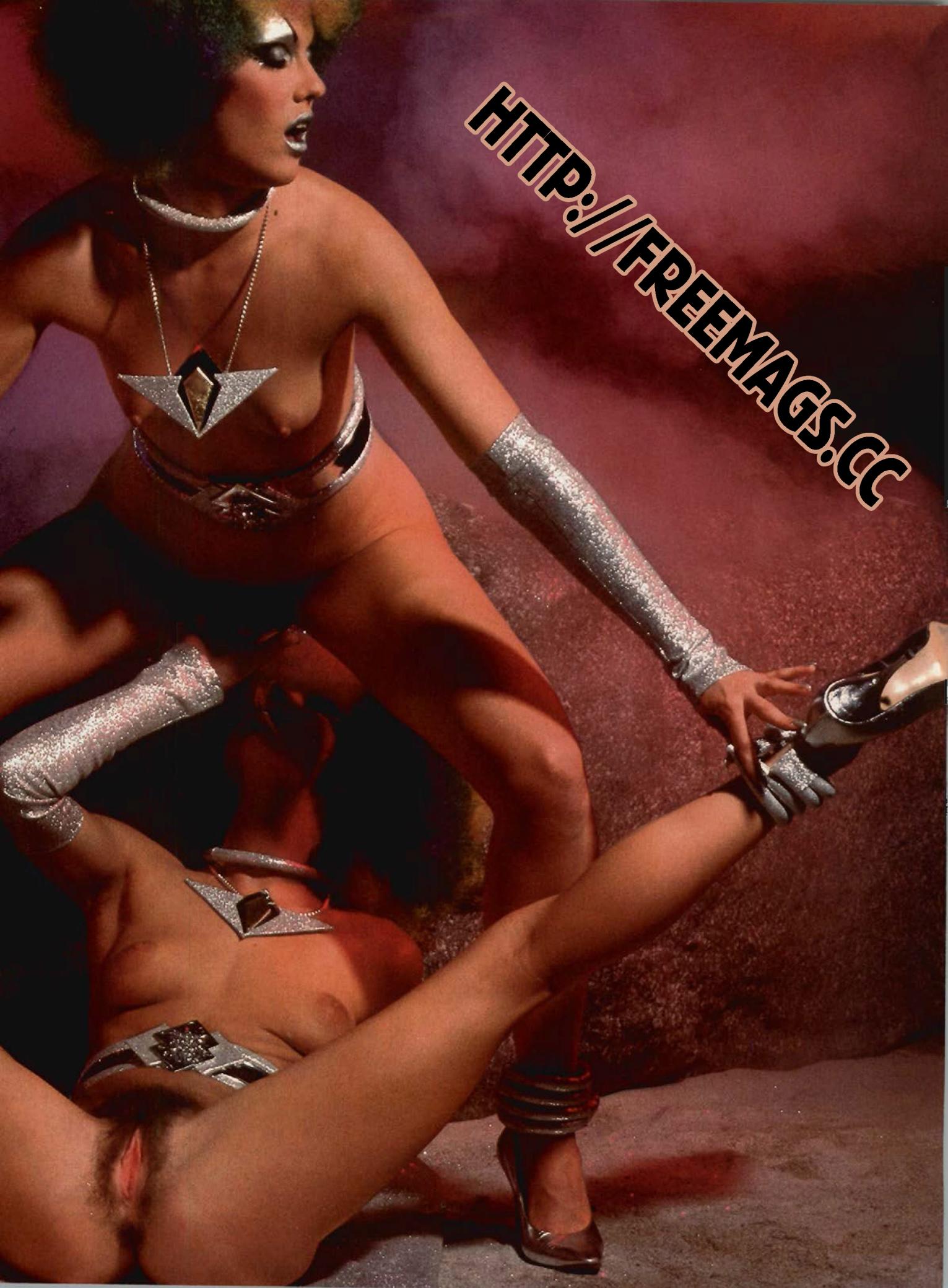


LUST IN SPACE

To go where no man has gone before is a pleasure on Lesbos, the all-girl planet. There they have studied sex for thousands of years, developing it into a high art. They know every aspect of dominance and submission, and play them out in their never-ending love games, seeking the ultimate orgasm. Nowhere else in the universe are passions more intense, as tongues press to genitals, and lips seek dark, inviting breasts. Since they spend all their time practicing close encounters, making first contact may not have to be a delicate operation. Although their customs are akin to ours, we still think the girls are out of this world.





A woman with short, curly hair is posed in a dynamic, crouched position against a dark, textured background. She wears a futuristic, metallic outfit consisting of a top with a large, triangular, star-shaped pendant, a matching belt, and a skirt. She also wears long, silver, fingerless gloves and high-heeled boots. Her accessories include multiple bracelets and rings. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her form and the reflective nature of her clothing.

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PROFILE: ANTON LaVEY

(continued from page 38)

identified as a "church" instead of a "cult." He included among these criteria its size, bureaucratic organization and hierarchical structure. People who became members had to submit themselves to complex testing and initiations; but most important, "the success of the church no longer [centered] on its founder's charisma."

LaVey has left the operation of the church to its ministers. Sex is still tightly woven into the fabric of its rituals, which are now held at home or at the grottos on special occasions, like one's birthday.

"The highest of all holidays in Satanism," explains LaVey, "is the date of one's own birth, for we worship the individual and celebrate self-love. Masturbation is the height of self-indulgence, and we revere all fleshly things and pursue the pleasures of the human body. We're all dirty little people, so let's take advantage of it and have fun. Let's do whatever we want, if it makes sense and we don't harm anyone else by it."

LaVey's new-found freedom has given him the time to pursue other loves, like his love for art, music, cars, good food and wines, and reading. "There are many who would take my

time; I shun them," says LaVey. "There are some who will share my time; I tolerate them, sometimes enjoy them. But there are precious few who contribute to my time, and I cherish them."

Today LaVey leads a comfortable life in San Francisco with his sensual wife, Diane, and his youngest daughter, Zeena Galatea, 16. They travel a lot, to Hollywood and to Europe, where LaVey has established a "world headquarters" in Amsterdam.

In all of Christian "mythology" Anton LaVey admires most the Whore of Babylon, Mother of Prostitutes (from *Revelations* in the Bible), who reportedly rode the Red Beast, with its seven heads and ten horns, with the wicked names written all over it; who wore purple and scarlet clothing and beautiful jewelry made of precious gems and pearls and who drank from a golden goblet "full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication."

He reveres her because of the symbolism of attaining great worldly power through the use of sex. LaVey himself has done a good deal of manipulating. This is a man who mentally genuflects before a good meal with great wine; who collects art and antique cars and thinks the Antichrist is here among us, masquerading as "mass-media evangelists."

LaVey himself considers the Antichrist to be a myth, but draws on the biblical image to point out the contradiction in those who pretend to save souls on the one hand while making money by predicting doom on the other.

"By creating the Devil and scaring the shit out of people with the threat of a living hell on the boob tube, these people are amassing great fortunes, creating electronic empires and building bases of power, and are able to sway elections, mold legislation, without ever having to look their constituencies in the eyes. If there's an example of Satanism operating at its best, it's these pious frauds, these sleight-of-hand charlatans who parade under the banner of mass soul-saving. Give me that old-time religion any time, with all of its red-necked prejudices, if only for the honesty of its practitioners.

"I chuckle—no, I chortle," says LaVey with a devilish grin, "when I read that 50 million Americans have been 'born again' or that Billy Graham drew a crowd of 337,000 persons to his crusade in Singapore or that Pat Robertson [*The 700 Club*] has launched another fucking satellite. This born-again movement has been the best thing that could have happened to us. I don't question that some people may sincerely believe that they were 'born again'; but I do not believe people become Christians from listening to the radio or watching television or by standing in a multitude listening to an ivory-toothed soothsayer on the stage."

LaVey believes that the Billy Grahams, the Oral Robertses, the Robert Schullers and the Jim Bakkers (of *PTL Club* fame) are "electronic-death salesmen and that the Antichrist they are looking for is right before them, in the mirror, every time they shave."

True religious heroes in LaVey's eyes are men like Joseph Smith (the founder of Mormonism), Rasputin and the Reverend Paul D. Lindstrom, the latter the conservative pastor of the Church of Christian Liberty in Chicago. LaVey admires Smith because he liked his sex and made no bones about it, taking on several bed partners every week in the name of God; Rasputin, the renegade cleric in Czarist Russia, because he found heavenly pleasures with the opposite sex in the palace cellars; and the Reverend Lindstrom because last year he proposed dispatching an armed fighting unit to eastern Rhodesia to reopen missions closed by the hostilities in that region.

"I don't know why, but it pleases me to see a gospel-spewing minister mixing bullets with the Bible, contradicting all

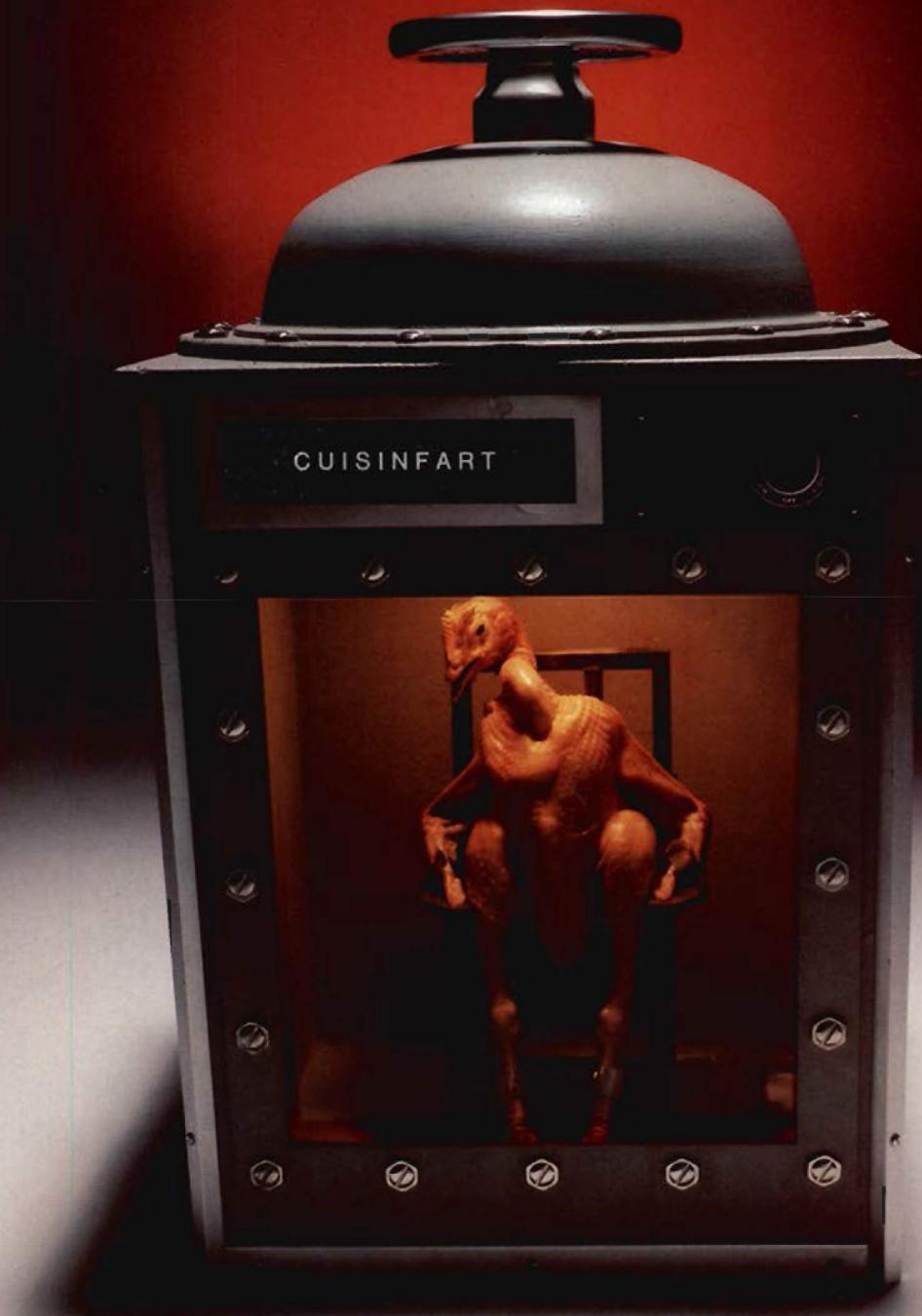
(continued on page 92)

DAWNE TINSLEY



HUSTLER'S *Christmas Gift Guide*

Exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a Yule delight.



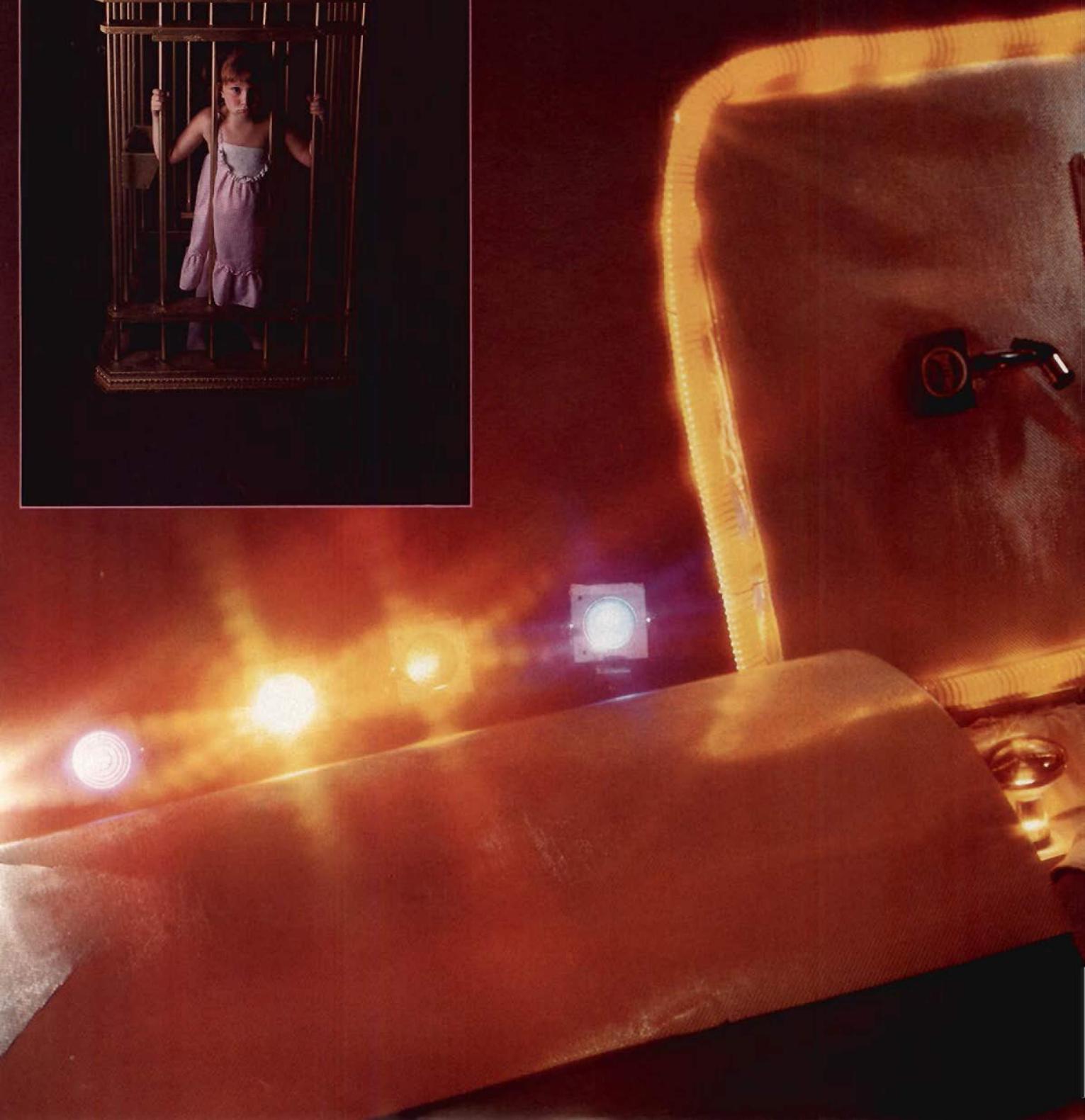
Above The Cuisinart Gas-and-Baste Chamber is the pinnacle in microwave cooking. It's quick and clean, and the whole family will be licking their lips before you can say Caryl Chessman, \$950. Deluxe model includes telephone for Governor's reprieve, \$1,100.

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCIS WOLFE & ASSOCIATES

HUSTLER'S Christmas Gift Guide



Left Clyde Beatty meets Sesame Street with the 24-kt. Kiddie Cage. Just like her little friend, Mr. Parakeet, your child can munch seeds from her snack dish when you're too tied up to fix supper. \$550.





Above What with unsightly radiation burns becoming today's number-one grooming problem, Charles of Nagasaki has come up with the most tasteful aid for that Three Mile glow. Spread a dab of this special blend on your flesh, and that nasty cancer will look like a mild case of Herpes simplex II in no time, \$25.95.

Left Who says funerals can't be fun? With Studio 52's Disco Coffin your last rites could be the time of your life. Features include flashing lights, fine-tuned quadraphonic sound system and autographed condolence cards from Andy, Truman and Bianca, \$2,400.

HUSTLER'S Christmas Gift Guide



Above Step out of the dessert line and onto the fault line with the Chrome Richter Scale. Makes any load between 300 pounds and three tons a pleasure to weigh in, and the easy-to-read graph records your weight in seismic vibrations, \$6,000.



Above With crowded parks an ever-increasing problem, why not mow down the competition with the all-new Gore Board? Equipped with a 30-horsepower "sequoia-strength" blade and punctuated by four lemon-juice wheels, the Gore Board is the ideal gift for those looking for a slice of life, \$400.



Above The Seeing-Eye Cooler does everything but refill the cups; it lets the boss know who's hitting the H₂O, how often and with whom, \$1,000.





Debi has an eye for beautiful women. And why not? Until recently she was HUSTLER's Talent Coordinator, spending hours each day interviewing sexy women, and some blushing men too. Nowadays she roams Los Angeles as a finder of lovely ladies for us. We think she sets a shining example.

Photography by James Baes

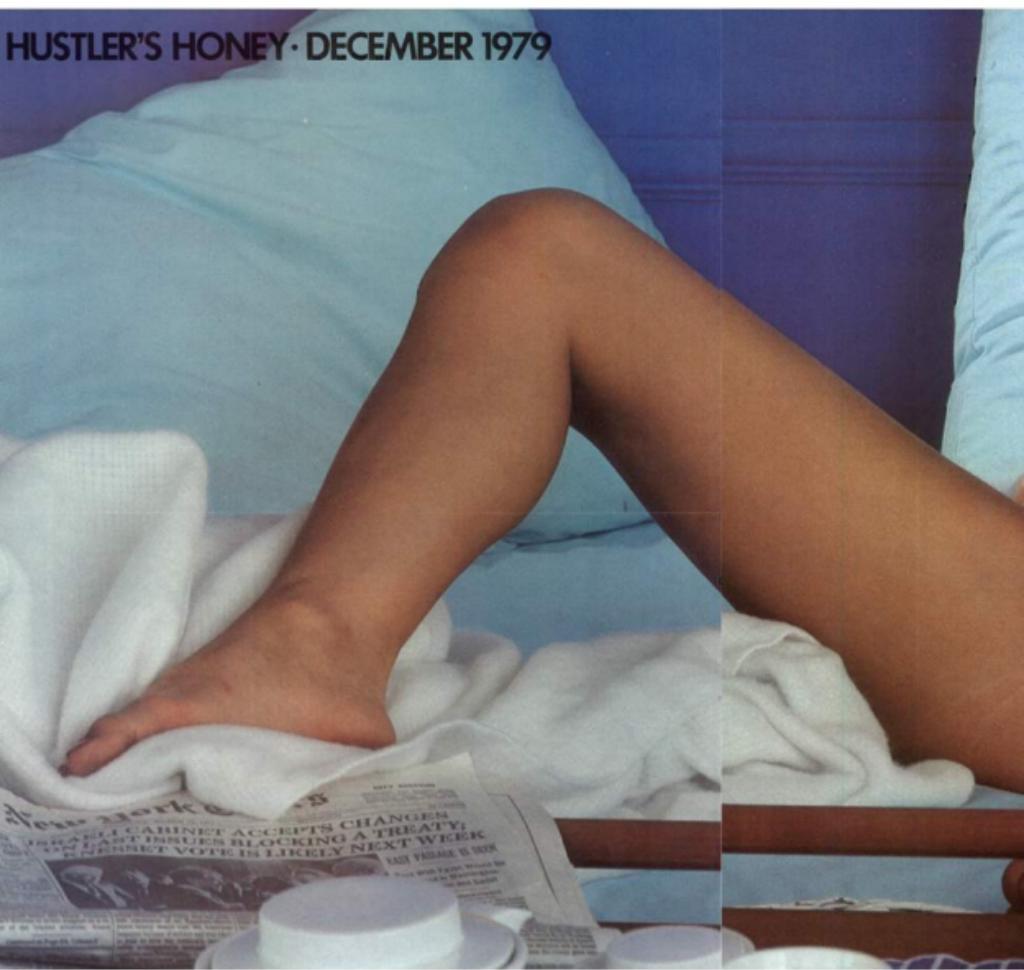








HUSTLER'S HONEY · DECEMBER 1979







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A young woman gave birth to her first child, a baby without any ears. All the neighbors heard about the deformity and vowed not to say anything to the mother that might embarrass her. One couple that dropped in on the new mother warned their son not to mention the baby's missing ears during the visit.

When the neighbors called on the woman, she brought the baby from its crib for them to see. The neighbor's little boy silently examined the young thing and then said to the mother, "He sure is a pretty baby."

"Thank you," beamed the mother.

"Can he see good?" the boy wanted to know.

"I hope so," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said the boy, "if his eyes ever got bad, you'd sure have a helluva time getting eyeglasses to stay on his head!"

During a late-night flight the captain of a Polish airliner informed his passengers: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have some bad news and some good news to tell you. The bad news is that I'm lost; the good news is that I'm making excellent time."

A Japanese United Nations diplomat was called back to Tokyo by his government for detailed consultation. When he returned to New York after a lengthy absence, the catty wife of a colleague informed him that the diplomat's attractive young wife had been frequenting the local jazz scene and had become quite friendly with some performers.

"Yoshiko," the stuffy diplomat admonished his wife, "have you been diluting your cultural heritage by consorting with black and Jewish musicians?"

"Akio," answered his wife with dignity, "what possessed you to ask such a *meshuganeh*, jive-ass question?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *clitoris* as: a female hood ornament.

Three women died and went to heaven. As the women entered, Saint Peter—waiting at the Pearly Gates—asked each what she had died from.

"Cancer," said the first woman.

"Diabetes," replied the second woman.

"Gonorrhea," said the third, a sexy black chick.

"Gonorrhea?" asked Saint Peter. "Young people like you don't die from gonorrhea."

"When you gives it to Leroy you does!"

While a Texan was busily preparing for the first day of deer-hunting season, his wife started nagging that he never asked her to go along. After several hours of argument the wife won. The next morning they drove out to the country, and he stuck his old lady up in a tree about 100 yards from his blind. Just as the hunter reached the blind, he heard a loud bang coming from his wife's position. As the Texan ran up to her, he saw that she was holding her gun on a man nearby and shouting, "Dammit, it's my deer! Get away from it!"

The sheepish-looking stranger just nodded slowly and said, "OK, lady . . . it's *your* deer. Just let me get my saddle off it!"

Grandpa caught little Elmer, age 11, smoking a cigarette behind the barn. "You shouldn't be doin' that, boy," he said, "especially you bein' a youngun 'n' all."

"Youngun!?" sneered the lad. "Hell, Grandpa, I had my first piece of ass when I was just seven years old!"

"Do tell," Grandpa smirked. "Didya enjoy it at that age?"

"How the hell should I know?" snapped the old man's grandson. "I was drunk as a skunk at the time!"

Question: How are rain and sex alike?

Answer: You never know how many inches you're going to get or how long it's going to last.

A man and his wife were discussing the husband's desire for a new car. He wanted something sporty, but couldn't decide on what to buy. "If psychologists are correct," he said, "and a car is really an extension of a man's

penis, then I should get a Mercedes—quality that lasts a long time."

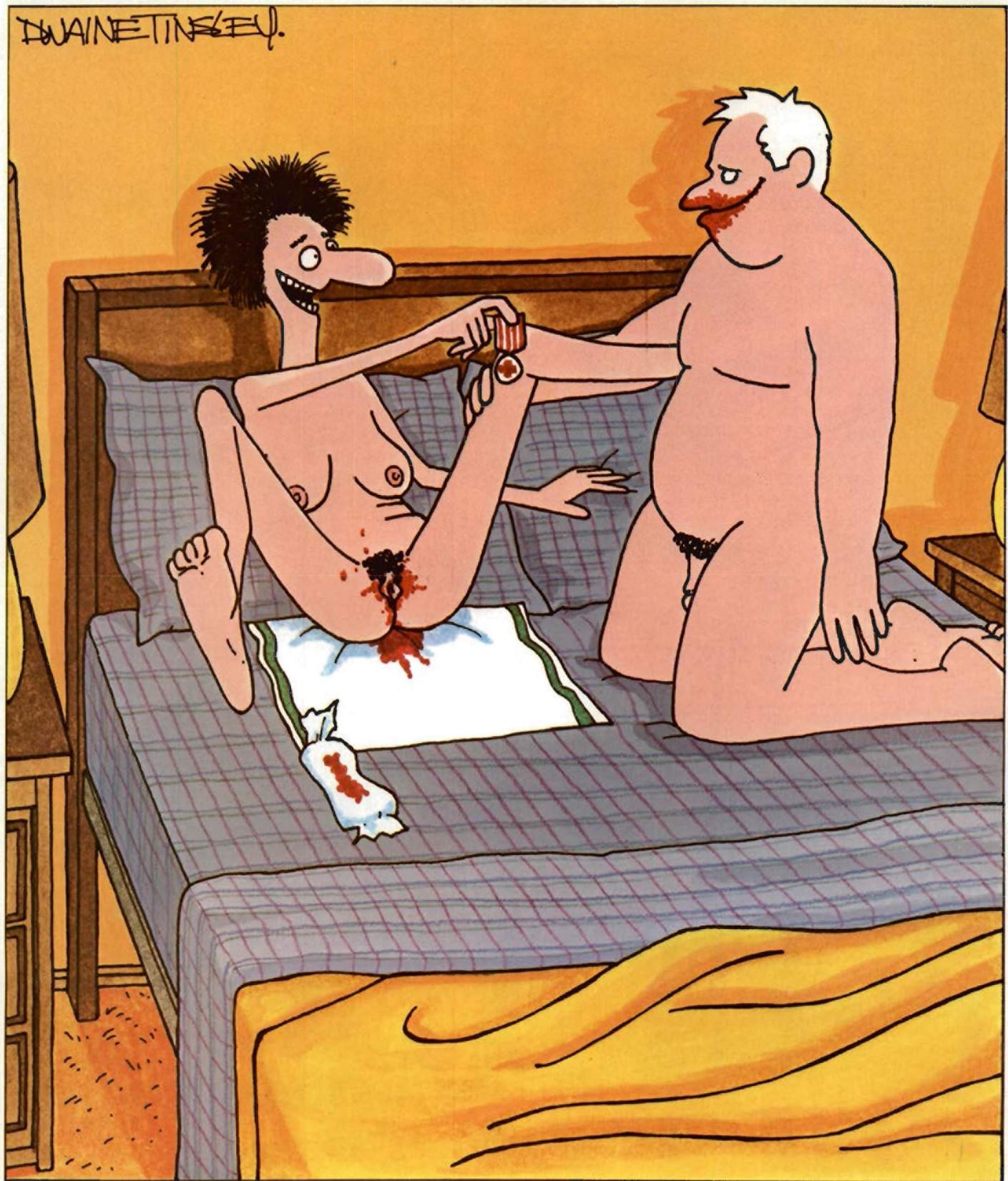
"Actually," replied his wife, "I think you're more a Pinto type—small and burns up quickly."

Two Martians were flying over Las Vegas and decided to land and check out all the bright lights on the Strip. They walked into a casino, and the first thing they saw was a slot machine. "Ignore her," said one Martian to the other. "She's a capitalist."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER* Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.

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PRIVILEGES OF POLITICIANS

RIPPING OFF THE U.S. TAXPAYER

Applications are being accepted for more than 500 jobs in Washington, D.C. The pay isn't bad—about \$57,500 annually—and the fringe benefits are equally attractive. You will be pampered by a staff dedicated to making you look good because *their* jobs depend on it. You will have the resources of the government at your fingertips. Jets will fly you and your secretary around the world at your whim. Just about any routine activity you would ordinarily pay for will be free, except for food, clothing and housing (although these items will be negotiable too).

The job title is "congressman," and while these days it seems as if everyone's job is becoming tougher, that's hardly the case on Capitol Hill. It pays to be a congressman, and if you suspect that your national legislators have a soft life, you're mostly right.

Granted, some congressmen grind their health and their families into

the ground because of the earnest way in which they approach their jobs, and some could earn more money in other occupations. But most of them have never had it so good. And if the physical pleasures aren't sufficient, there's the spiritual reward: They get to stand on soapboxes and tell other people how to live their lives.

The cost of congressional fringe benefits can range from petty amounts to staggering figures. To shuttle a politician between the basement of his House or Senate office building and the floor of Congress via the small subway that connects the Capitol with members' offices may only cost about 20¢ in electricity, but when he leaves Washington, the price of caring for him grows more substantial. According to official records, it cost \$1.7 million to send legislators around the globe in 1975.

Consider the following scenario,

which illustrates the tab a congressman might run up were he to decide to avail himself, in one marathon day, of some of the benefits to which he is "entitled."

Congressman Meriwether Foghorn awakes in the morning at his Washington home. Because he maintains a residence in his congressional district as well as in Washington, he is permitted a \$3,000 tax deduction each year (assuming his tax bracket is about 45%) for his living expenses in the capital.

In one of the few acts of the day that will not cost the taxpayers money, the congressman eats breakfast at home.

If Foghorn is one of the eight members of the House or Senate leadership, his limousine and driver will take him to Capitol Hill. Even if his rank does not warrant a limo, a parking place awaits him at the Capitol—no small luxury in a car-clogged city in which commercial

REPORT BY RUDY MAXA

Illustration by Ron Kriss

parking rates can run as high as \$6 a day.

Having trouble finding gas? Well, you're obviously not a congressman. The leadership has access to a private gas pump in the Senate garage; last summer, when gas fetched \$1 a gallon on the open market, the price for privileged lawmakers was 65.2¢ a gallon.

Our congressman decides to begin his day with a haircut at the barbershop in the Capitol basement (an exclusive shopping mall housing all sorts of service centers for the nation's legislators). On the way to the barbershop he stops by the frame shop to have a favorite print mounted and framed. He then checks in with the photographer's office to make sure a cameraman will be available later in the day when he meets with a constituent. There will, of course, be no charge for either service.

The haircut is a bargain at \$3.50, a sum that these days won't get you a trim at a barbers' college. (On the Senate side of the Hill, senators' haircuts were free until 1977.) On his way back to his office, Congressman Foghorn buys a dictionary for his high-school-aged son at the House Stationery Store. While the rest of America pays about \$12 for the *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, members and staffers of Congress pay about \$7, thanks to a subsidy

from the taxpayers. The congressman then charges his purchase to his office-supply account.

Prior to a 1976 rule change a number of congressmen withdrew their stationery allowance (as it had been called) at the start of each year and deposited the sum in an interest-bearing account; others let the allowance accumulate and withdrew the unused portion when they needed some cash or when they left Congress. In 1975, 77 of the 92 departing congressmen withdrew a total of \$193,300 in cash from the stationery fund. The biggest share went to Iowa Republican H. R. Gross, a congressman normally known for his tightfisted attitude toward federal spending. Gross pocketed \$23,611 in unused stationery funds.

As Foghorn enters his office, the congressman's staff is busy preparing a mailing to his home district. He reassures himself that postage for his newsletter will be an insignificant part of the nearly \$50 million Congress pays the Postal Service for the privilege of free mail. (The budget gets its biggest jolt when a senator from a populous state decides to drop a letter to his constituents. When John Tunney was serving as senator from California, he mailed one letter to more than a million households in January 1976, putting

\$143,000 on the congressional postage meter all by himself.)

On the way to his private office Foghorn may admire the attractive plants sent to him by the Botanical Gardens. Each congressman is entitled to one plant per month, most of which end up decorating the apartments of Capitol Hill staffers.

After glancing at the morning mail the congressman rides the private "Members Only" elevator to the subway that will take him to the bowels of the Capitol. There, down a subterranean hallway that looks as if it leads to the engine room of an ocean liner, Foghorn enters the House Recording Studio. There his press secretary is waiting, ready to record a message from the congressman to be sent to his home district for free use by area radio and television stations. The small fee charged the congressman will pay the cost of the recording tape used, but not the salaries of the professionals who work in the studio. The taxpayers pick up the operating deficit, and the congressman's campaign fund pays for his recording tape.

If important business isn't being conducted on the House floor—Foghorn need not bother looking in himself; his aides will keep him informed—the congressman may choose to play some paddleball and take a steam bath in the House gym, where he pays annual membership dues of \$15. He may run into some old friends there; many retired congressmen stay in Washington to make money lobbying. They are entitled to use the congressional recreational facilities too.

Then it's to lunch. Assuming Congressman Foghorn makes an effort to avoid having lobbyists buy him meals and drinks at fancy Washington restaurants, he probably goes to the House members' dining room, where a chef's salad costs \$2.85 and a 12-ounce steak costs \$8.50. Many Washington restaurants would charge double that amount—but then few public restaurants are subsidized with tax dollars.

Back at the office Foghorn's staff is working to make sure the boss will have no difficulty catching a flight to New York that evening. He must be on time for his plane to Brussels, where he'll join a congressional delegation conferring with the top brass of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The congressman's personal secretary dials for reservations—using a special, unlisted VIP telephone number—to alert the airlines that a congressman will be aboard one of their flights; the secretary is assured all

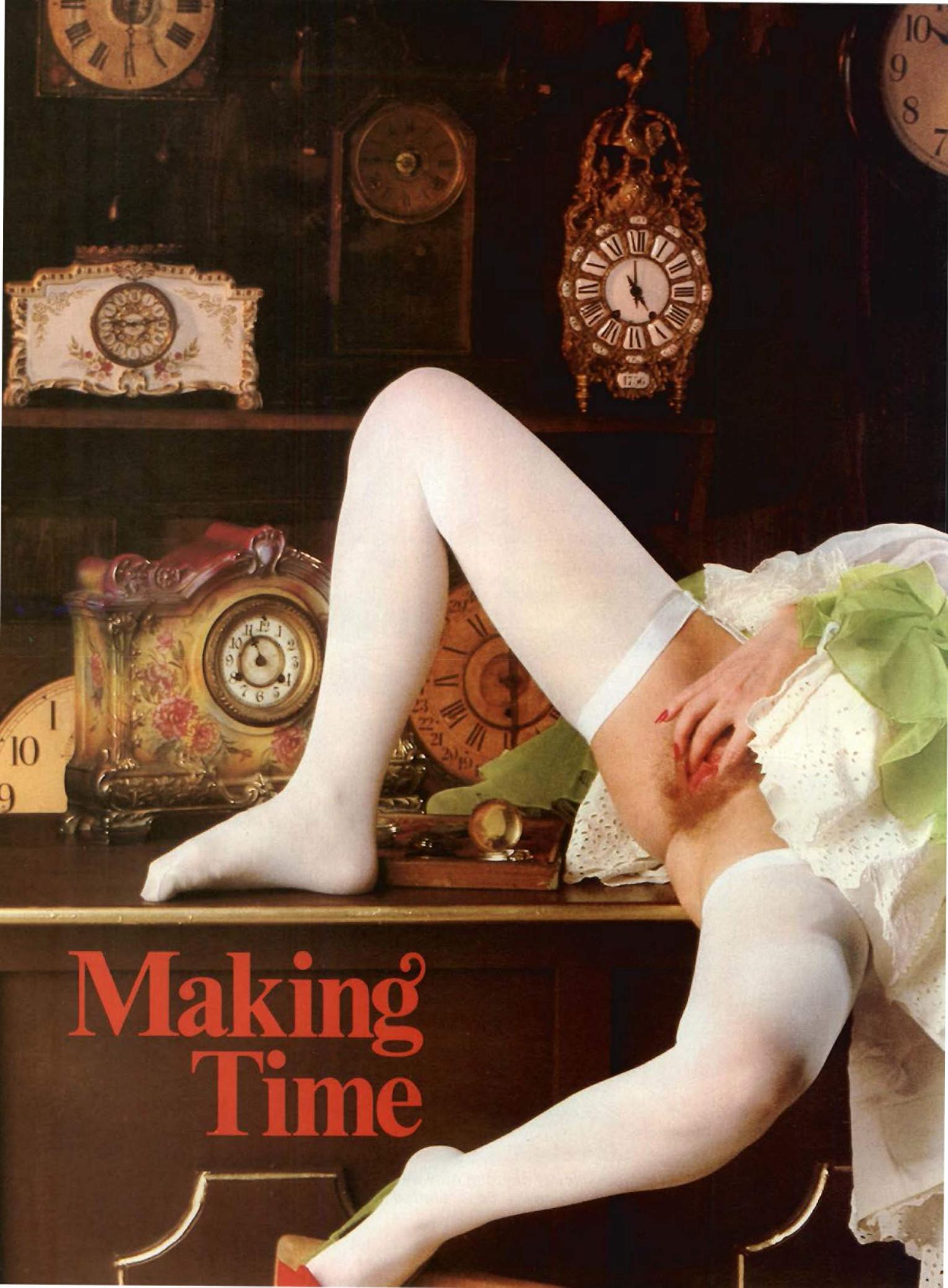
(continued on page 78)



"Stanford, you're a fuckin' genius!"



"I'm sorry, Rosalyn. I had another lousy day, and Amy was being such a bad kid that before I knew what was happening I . . . I'd . . . stuffed her in the shredder!"



Making Time



In yesteryear, as is true today, girls with a lot of time on their hands usually got wound up tighter than a spring. The solution? Don't get alarmed, and make every second count.

Photography by Matti Klatt













PRIVILEGES OF POLITICIANS

(continued from page 68)

courtesies will be extended to her boss.

Before his trip abroad Congressman Foghorn stops by the medical office the U.S. Navy staffs in the Capitol and picks up some medicine (yes, it's free) for his airsickness. By the time Foghorn returns to his office, an aide has fetched the legislator's wife and luggage from home. The young staffer will drive them to Washington's National Airport to catch the flight to New York. Near the main terminal of that very congested airport is a VIP parking lot Congress has ordered the Federal Aviation Administration to maintain. To make sure the public doesn't infringe on any of the 70 free VIP parking spaces, a private police service stands guard—at an annual cost to the taxpayers of nearly \$50,000. The average Washingtonian pays \$1 an hour to park farther away from the air terminal. There are five free-parking places for severely handicapped persons.

After he has dropped them off at the airport, the same staffer will take the congressman's car to be washed; he'll also pick up some of Foghorn's cleaning and return both car and clothing to the congressman's house.

Then, for a few days, Foghorn will be in someone else's care, that of the escort

officer assigned (at the honorable member's request) to accompany the congressional delegation abroad. Working with the American embassy in whatever foreign capitals the congressmen choose to visit, the escort officer will make sure plenty of liquor and local currency—for which the lawmakers are not accountable—are on hand for each traveler. In some cases, if a congressman is a rascal, he will demand (and probably get) a prostitute. Until late 1976 when a congressman returned to Washington, he was permitted to breeze through customs; no one knows how many valuables slipped into this country that way without anyone paying duty on them. A military truck may still deliver Foghorn's luggage and duty-free souvenirs to his home (if he lands at a military installation), and a staffer will most likely be at the airport to again offer his services as chauffeur.

* * *

Nothing in the foregoing scenario is an exaggeration; congressmen avail themselves of these services and more regularly. And in case you've heard the term "taxpayer" so many times that it's lost its meaning, look in the mirror. That's a taxpayer staring back at you, and those are your bucks ensuring some unforgettable congressional good times.

If he was here with us today, Repre-

sentative Daniel Flood (Democrat-Pennsylvania) could tell us about the time in 1975 he and his wife flew first class to London with a military escort. They spent four days in London, Paris and Rome and two days in Germany. The auto-rental bill in Paris alone totaled \$900. And the Floods returned to the United States with deluxe accommodations aboard the *Queen Elizabeth II*.

Over the 1975 Christmas holiday Representative James Scheuer (Democrat-New York) visited his daughter, who was studying medieval Latin paleography at the University of London, and submitted a Rolls-Royce-rental bill of \$1,100 to the embassy in London. Later Scheuer told the *Washington Post* that he had paid his own airfare and drawn no *per diem* (daily-expense allowance) and that between family get-togethers he had visited health officials and facilities in the London area.

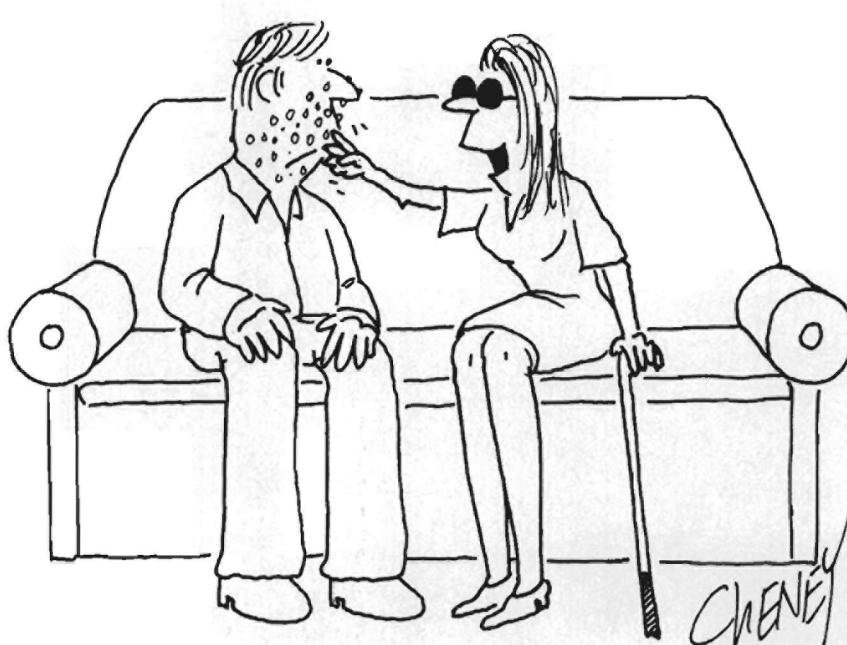
The stories seem endless. In the summer of 1975 then-Speaker Carl Albert led a plane load of congressmen, staff and families to Denmark, the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia and Spain. The only expenditure on record at the State Department is \$19,000 for one week in Yugoslavia, including nearly \$5,000 for tour buses, guides and other amenities in Dubrovnik, that nation's Miami Beach.

And who says the era of grand touring has ended? In 1975 House Majority Leader Thomas "Tip" O'Neill (Democrat-Massachusetts) sponsored an Easter junket still remembered fondly on Capitol Hill. Just the cost of flying the Air Force jet to and from Europe and the Middle East was about \$50,000, while comforts on the ground cost more than \$20,000. Aboard were some two dozen members of Congress, most of whom brought their wives and some staffers along for the ride.

The most touching example of abstinence in this regard may be former Representative Wayne Hays (Democrat-Ohio), who used to be a champion congressional globetrotter. But he once explained to a reporter that he rarely included his family on his junkets because, "Ohhh, that usually gets written up in the papers." Hays said, "My wife didn't want to get exposed to that business about taxpayers picking up the cost." The frugal Hays instead took along such people as friends from his hometown and, once, the headwaiter of the House restaurant.

Sometimes those friends of his were young women. When he was leading the House investigation into the late

(continued on page 108)



"You don't have to whisper sweet nothings in my ear, Stanley.
I can read your zits!"



Toosley.

PRISONERS

FICTION BY ZBIGNIEW KINDELA



At 75 miles per hour the '71 Cadillac sliced through the lazy air. The road was open before them, the high beams cutting a corridor through the South Georgia night.

"Whooo-eee!" Inez screamed the familiar rock 'n' roller's whoop. The yell probably originated in some back-country hollow, when some good ol' boys brewed their first batch of 'shine. It had been adopted years later by city concertgoers, seeping finally into general usage. It was America's own yodel.

"Whooo-eee!" she yodeled. "Don't bogart that joint, Bobby."

The Cadillac's front seat had been power-buttoned back as far as the drive motors would allow. Bobby passed the joint and reached down unconsciously for the third time in the last hour to depress the seat button. The drive motor screamed again.

"How much longer?" she asked for the 20th time.

"Just an hour more and we'll be in Florida," the driver said.

"Whooo-eee!" she yelled again, exhaling hard, the smoke from the joint exploding against Bobby's cheek like a vaporous comet.

Bobby laughed as he continued to squint down the corridor. He pictured the "Welcome to Florida" sign. It would appear on the



Olivia © 1979

edge of the high beam's tunnel, grow rapidly in size as they approached and then rattle back and forth in the Cadillac's slipstream as it flashed by at 100. That's exactly how Bobby DeFranco had planned it. He was going to sail through the Georgia night and then rip across the Georgia-Florida border. This was the holiday he and his woman had planned since they first birthed the fantasy nearly ten months before.

"Didn't I tell ya it'd be like this?!" he said. "Didn't I tell ya—uh, Inez O'Malley, you mutt-blood?" He glanced over briefly.

If she could have seen clearly in the darkened interior, she would have noticed the corners of his eyes creased, his forehead smooth, shiny. It was a look of pleasure, the look of a joke well placed on someone who understood there had been no malice.

Inez, as she had done countless times before, smacked Bobby's stomach open-handedly, lightly. She laughed. Actually, she was proud of her mixed background—two fiery ethnic groups. Part Puerto Rican, part Irish. The product of a one-night stand in New York City, America's true melting pot.

Now, after ten months of living together in a Newark suburb, arguing together, exploring one another's eccentricities and limits, playing infinite

varieties of sexual games, they were finally sharing their first vacation.

They had come to call it "The Escape." Each of them realized they were escaping not only the gray suburbs of Newark but also their own humdrum existences. Bobby still found himself wondering if people could ever escape their own limited perceptions.

"We're so fuckin' lucky," mused DeFranco. His eyes attempted to penetrate beyond the high-beam tunnel. They squinted. "I've been doin' 75 miles an hour in this class car for over an hour now, and no fuckin' redneck cops." He said *class car* in a way that only someone from New Jersey's South Orange district could understand, or appreciate. He'd worked on it, restored it, and now it was a black speedball, several tons of high-gloss machine whizzing through America's night.

"If we got thrown in jail," Inez said quickly, "I'd masturbate for the lawman just so's he'd let us go." She felt the prickle of heat flush her cheeks as soon as she spoke. DeFranco's eyes were intent on the tunnel ahead. Even after ten months together of flash-powder sex, she was still capable of blushing. A small girl at times. And she cursed herself for it. *It's the modest Irish in me*, she would think.

The flush notwithstanding, she

reached across the front seat, allowing the hot-blooded Latin part of her to take control. The leather seat moaned, like a sigh after a good orgasm. Inez O'Malley placed her fingertips gently into Bobby DeFranco's lap. With her long, deep-red fingernails looking like the juice from a bleeding plum, she slowly scratched his penis. Back and forth, sensuously. His jeans seemed to flex lightly.

"We'd be sitting in adjoining cells," she continued, "in some podunk backwoods jail. I'd be masturbating. You couldn't see me, but the sheriff could. There's a wall between the two cells, and only my words can tell you what I'm doing. They're drifting through a small vent between the two cells...."

The way Inez played sexual games, always the storyteller and participant, amazed Bobby constantly. Her erratic, surprising sexuality seemed to know no limits. One time he mentioned to her a particular pair of high-platformed red shoes he'd seen in a place called A Different Step. And she purchased them. He came home from work one evening, a few shots under his belt, and she opened the door wearing only those crazy, glossy-as-blood-from-the-finger-tip shoes. She said, "Come in!" sultry-like. And he took her immediately, without preliminaries.

And now she was pursuing a new game.

Twenty-two hours of driving, punctuated by periods of high excitement and white-line boredom, had caused the knot in Bobby's lower back to become electric. He shifted in his seat constantly. The spring of the knot needed to be released, to be unwound.

"I'd part my lips," she continued, the hiss of the word *lips* slithering out of her mouth, "and then slowly run my finger along my opening."

"The sheriff yells, 'Now faster there, missy,' and I know you're getting excited. My voice is faint; you can barely hear my moans creeping through the vent. The urine smell twitches at your nostrils. Your ears strain to hear me through the grate—"

"Like my pants are right now," Bobby interrupted. A quick smile danced across his face.

"No, not really," she said, adapting quickly, as she always had to all circumstances. "You've got your Italian sausage out, stroking it slowly, embarrassed at the sheriff's snickering. He made you take it out."

"I lick my finger and then slowly run it around my clitoris, like a mapmaker drawing circular altitude lines—"

"You mean elevation lines."

(continued on page 110)





"What the hell ever happened to Barbie dolls and catcher's mitts?"

FANTASY

NO. 5



We've received many letters from our readers asking us to show them what sadomasochism really is and where to get the authentic equipment. In an effort to satisfy those requests we had porn's hottest duo, Jamie Gillis and Serena, enact a typical S&M experience. All items used by the models came from the *Pleasure Chest* (8549 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069). An illustrated catalog can be purchased from the *Pleasure Chest* for \$3.





Photography by Suze Randall













PROFILE: ANTON LaVEY

(continued from page 48)

that Jesus crap where everything must be done in the name of goodness, sweetness and piety," explains LaVey.

"If it were not for the hypocrisy of the evangelists, I would send them membership applications today to join the Church of Satan, for we need more people who are seeking personal power and glory and who have mastered the art of manipulation. They would have to learn one thing: Satanism demands study, not worship!"

* * *

Born in Chicago under the sign of Aries the Ram, Anton LaVey attributes much of what he is, who he has become, to his maternal grandmother, Luba Lupescu-Primakov, a Transylvanian born of a Gypsy father and Jewish mother. She introduced young Tony to the legends and superstitions of the land that inspired the most celebrated bit of literature on vampirism, Bram Stoker's *Dracula*.

Shortly after turning 17, Tony dropped out of high school and ran away to join the Clyde Beatty Circus, starting as a roustabout and cage boy, watering and feeding the big cats. His mastery over the animals was uncanny, and he meticulously learned Beatty's act: rollovers,

the hoop jumps and the use of the whip and chair.

When the season ended in October 1947, LaVey hooked up with a carnival outfit—Craft's 20 Big Shows—playing the steam calliope. A skilled organist as well, he handled the Wurlitzer for the bally platform, the stage above the midway featuring those fantasies on canvas, exotic and exaggerated paintings of what was supposed to be inside.

His flamboyant accompaniment for the hootchy-kootch and hula girls eased him into alternating gigs at Pike Amusement Park in Long Beach and at two of Los Angeles's most popular strip joints—the Mayan and Burbank—when the carnival season ended in the autumn of 1948.

One of the strippers Tony accompanied at the Mayan was a 22-year-old blonde voluptuary billed as Marion Marlow, "a Hollywood starlet." The future Marilyn Monroe was down on her luck then, having just been dumped by Columbia Pictures after finishing her first "title role," that of a stripper in *Ladies of the Chorus*.

The 19-year-old LaVey looked older than his years, a persona he had assumed while assisting Clyde Beatty. He sported a pencil-thin mustache and wide-brimmed hats, in keeping with the male mystique of the times.

Monroe had taken the job at the Mayan because she needed the money to keep her place at the Hollywood Studio Club, an institution for aspiring young actresses. "It had prestige and was a place where one could be easily reached by Central Casting," reflects LaVey, reluctant to make a big deal of his "fleeting affair" with the sex goddess.

"Marilyn was no one in particular at the time, and there was no frigging reason to take notes for posterity. We were just two young people attracted to one another, who enjoyed getting our jollies together, and that was about it," continues LaVey, who finds this resurrection of the dead repugnant.

The actress took a liking to Tony LaVey because he sensed right away that she was not a professional stripper. She had a hard time handling traditional brash numbers like "Pistol Packin' Mama." She was feeling blue and pushed around when LaVey started helping with her act by playing romantic standards she liked dancing to, such as "Deep Night" and "Dream Lover." Management disapproved, as did the middle-aged audiences, but he would go ahead and play.

"She was what we in the trade called a 'chain-dragger' . . . someone who danced a lot more than they stripped, and she found it awkward to feign copulation. Her act was the routine bump and grind—nothing flashy. She never exposed her nipples or pubic hair, simply because the law did not permit it."

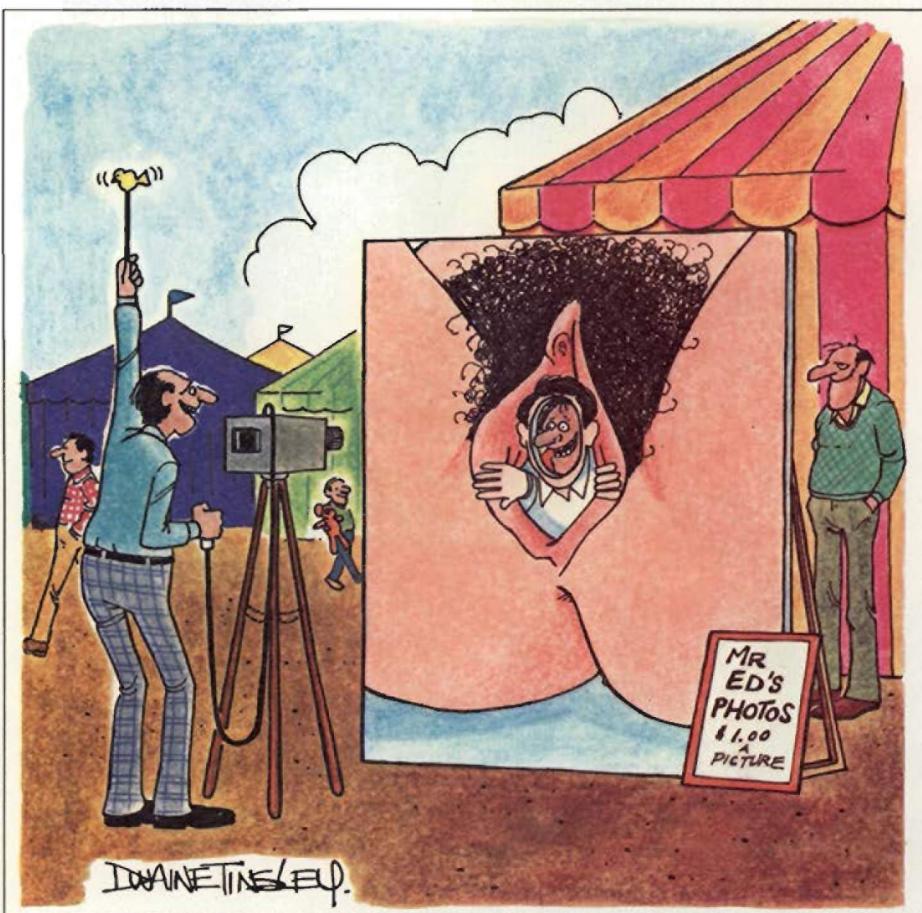
In September 1948 Monroe was nearly three months behind in her rent at the Hollywood Studio Club; but to maintain her anonymity while working the Mayan, she had taken a room at the Oban Hotel. Before moving to Columbia Pictures, she had had bit parts in two movies for 20th-Century Fox: *Dangerous Years* and *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!* But now her money was almost gone.

LaVey moved in with her at the Oban Hotel, for selfish reasons. She was "a good fuck," she owned her own car, and she was making \$12 a day—\$2 more than LaVey.

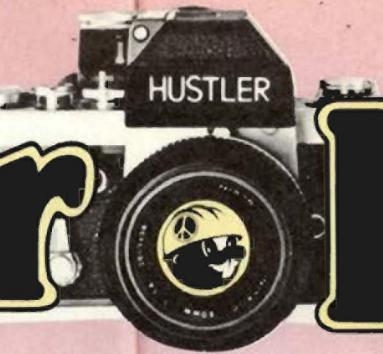
"Essentially, for the month that I lived with her she lived out of an old Pontiac convertible—out of cardboard boxes in the trunk," he recalls. "The damned thing was battered and dented, and its paint was peeling." He soon learned where all the dents had come from. She was a lousy driver.

When LaVey first met Monroe, she was disillusioned with religion, but she was intrigued by LaVey's preoccupation with the occult. He was studying

(continued on page 98)



Beaver Hunt



Are the lousy weather and the price of Christmas presents bringing you down? If those midwinter blues are getting to you, we can't think of a better way to cheer up than by taking a few artfully posed shots of your old lady in the buff. We pay \$50 for every *Beaver Hunt* photo we publish, and if the combination of your skill and her pussy is hot enough, we might select her for an extended photo-feature at professional modeling rates.

(And don't forget to give your girlfriend or wife the camera, so you can strut your stuff for the ladies.) Send all entries (color photos only—no black-and-whites) to *HUSTLER Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release on page 98 (or a complete facsimile of it) and fill it out fully and clearly. All photos become the non-returnable property of *HUSTLER Magazine*.

Photo by M. R.



Here's S. R., a 19-year-old secretary from Gulfport, Mississippi. Her hobbies include "pleasing my man and raising cats," and she dreams of one day becoming a *HUSTLER* centerfold.

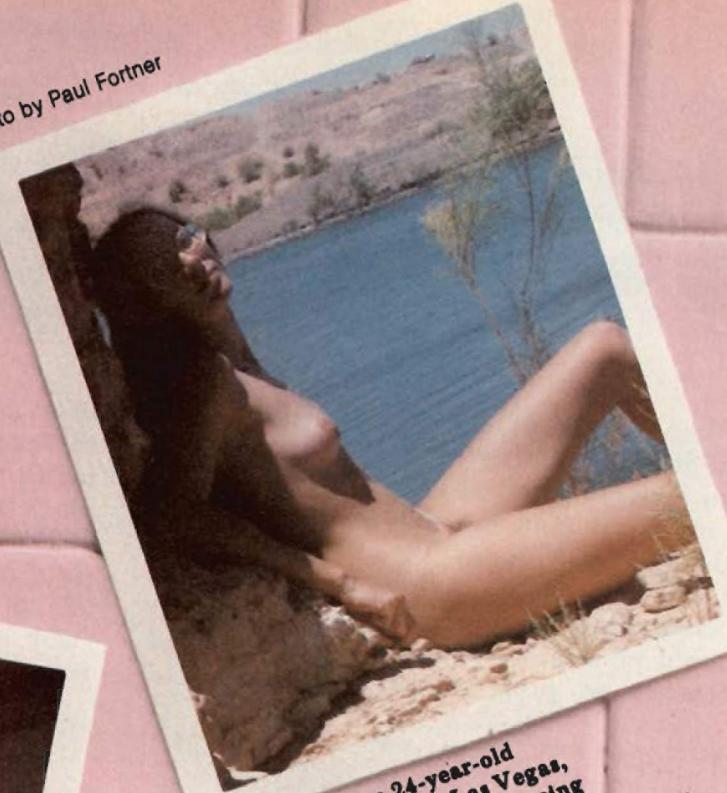
Photo by Cleve Carter



Meet Gina Maria Biagi, 23, a bank teller from Houston, Texas. Gina daydreams of being "on a deserted tropical island nude for weeks with Mr. John Holmes and his 14 inches."

Photo by Paul Fortner

Seducing two horny guys at the same time is the fantasy of 18-year-old Susan Jennings. Susan's a secretary from Fort Worth, Texas, who likes handball, volleyball and sex.



Judy Fortner is a 24-year-old casino employee from Las Vegas, Nevada. She enjoys disco-dancing and water sports, and dreams of making love on a tropical beach and appearing in a HUSTLER photo-layout.

Photo by M. W. S.

Photo by Mickey Jennings



Bonnie Hatfield, 25, hails from Elizabethtown, Kentucky, where she works as a cook. She tells us her only hobby is men, and her fantasy is to become a professional model.



Photo by Gene Ringgenberg



Janette Ringgenberg is a 27-year-old housewife from Diamond Bar, California, who likes roller skating. She wants to be fucked by her husband's best friend while her husband makes it with another girl.

Jajo Samwald, 26, is a secretary from Munich, West Germany. She likes cooking and music, and her fantasy is to be put in irons and fucked by her husband, and then to have her clit stimulated with a douche nozzle.



Photo by Achim Samwald



Photo by Russell Riedel

We're sure you'd like to ride with 25-year-old Chicago cab driver Victoria Riedel, whose hobbies are swimming, writing, dancing and bowling. Victoria's fantasy is to have "three men making love to me orally, anally and passionately."



Meet Benji from Reisterstown, Maryland, whose hobbies include chasing pussy and terrorizing mailmen. Benji dreams of one day making it with Buffie, the bitch featured in July's Beaver Hunt.

Photo by H. M.

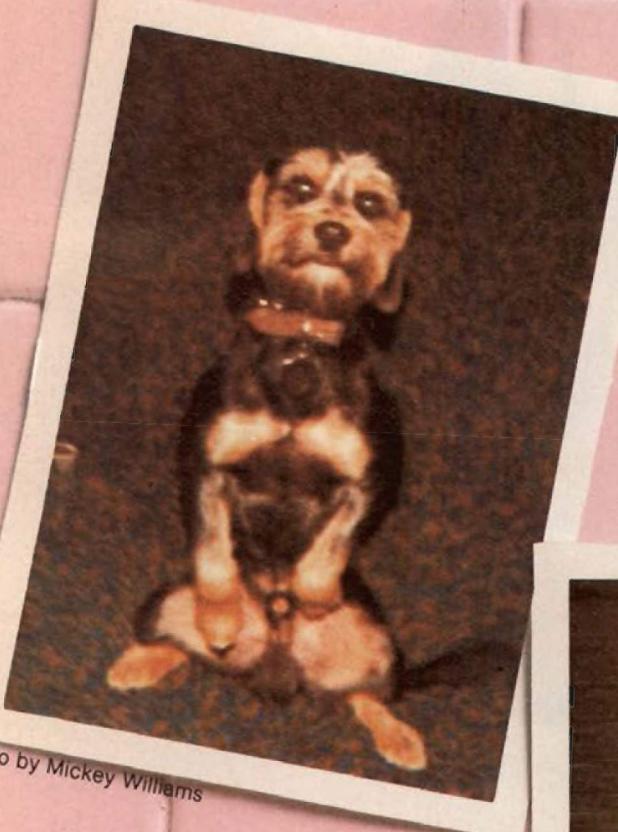


Photo by Mickey Williams

Linda is 23 and currently a student in Columbus, Ohio. She enjoys swimming, billiards and "a daily sex workout," and her fantasy is "to tie up a man and make love to him from head to toe while he's helpless."



Photo by Shawn



Lucerne Valley, California, is home to Jeanne Butterworth, a 21-year-old biker who enjoys dancing when she's not riding high in the saddle of her Harley-Davidson.

One for the Ladies



Twenty-five-year-old Edward Colna hails from St. Clair, Pennsylvania. He's in the U.S. Navy, and his hobbies are sex, music and softball. Edward's fantasy is "to have two women service me at once."



Photo by Ken

Debby Blumenschen from McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania, is a 23-year-old housewife and mother who enjoys sunbathing and sex. Debby tells us that "my husband has already fulfilled all my sexual fantasies."



Photo by Dave Blumenschen

The fantasy of Valerie, 19, from San Mateo, California, is to be sandwiched by four men—two in her pussy, one in her butt and one in her mouth. Valerie is a dancer who likes horseback-riding and swimming.



HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 93). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

Send prize to: Model Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

PROFILE: ANTON LaVEY

(continued from page 92)

mentism, astrology, palmistry and hypnotism with great zest, and she was fascinated by this arcane aspect of life. For a decade after they parted, after she became a star, she continued to write to him—brief letters that never touched on her success or personal problems. In them she would invite his attention to a newspaper story about a haunted house or something dealing with the occult.

"She seemed to enjoy taking walks through cemeteries," recalls LaVey, "like the one at Forest Lawn and that little celebrity cemetery down on Sunset, and exploring haunted houses."

Marilyn Monroe was physically and chemically LaVey's type—blond and voluptuous. She was a bit untidy in her personal habits, but so was LaVey.

"She kept all of her shit in those little cardboard boxes, lugging them back and forth from the hotel to the car. When something got dirty, she just balled it up and stuffed it into a box. Neatness in appearance was important to her, but impeccable cleanliness came in a poor second. She liked to dress to tease, to get men to whistle at her, to ogle her. The secret of her later success, I think, was her ability to be very carnal, but in a naive and vulnerable way."

The husky voice she adopted in later films never did jibe with the talkative, almost childlike chatter LaVey had been familiar with. "She spoke with a shipyard worker's twang. She wanted to turn heads, to be a princess, a lady and all that, but no matter how she tried, she came across sleazy in spite of herself. She looked like she was falling out of her clothes in her endless quest to be sexy.

"There was something of the exhibitionist about her," LaVey continues. "Something almost juvenile, like a child trying to see how far she could go without getting caught. She was never really sexually aggressive, but seemed to feel sex was more fun in the backseat of a car, in a graveyard or under a pier, someplace where someone might come along and see her. She liked to screw at the nuttiest times, like the time she got amorous on the Red Car coming back to L.A. from Venice."

Tony and Marilyn had driven out to Venice, and her car had broken down. It was about 3 a.m., and their only way of getting back to L.A. was on the Pacific Electric train—called Red Cars—that at the time ran from L.A. to San Bernardino and to points west. The three-car train was empty when they boarded, except for the motorman and a couple of drunks. The drunks were sitting in the

first car with the motorman, whose view of the cars behind him was obstructed by a curtain that hung behind the driver's compartment. Tony and Marilyn took seats in the rear of the car.

"In a way it was typical of her desire to be sexually daring. It was the ultimate expression of her lust. After some passionate smooching she hiked her skirt, let it flare out to cover our intimate parts and began pumping up and down, matching the rolling and pitching of the car. She faced the front of the car so both of us could keep an eye on the drunks, in case they decided to amble back our way."

Monroe did not have any major sexual hang-ups, but like many women, says LaVey, "she could be somewhat theatrical when screwing." She enjoyed "a good fuck, whether it was in a dark corner in the back of the burlesque theater, or bent-over leaning against a tree, or doing it missionary-style on the hotel bed. She approached sex like a little girl, adjusting shyly to the demands of her mate.

"She was responsive and pliable, assuming any position I suggested, verbally or with a touch of the hands. She moaned and groaned and sweated like so many of us do, but when she came, she would begin gnashing her teeth," LaVey says. "And she sometimes farted when she lost all control."

LaVey tried to get her to break that teeth-gnashing habit, feeling she was holding back just at the time she should have been letting out all the stops. "In so many ways she was like a lot of girls just off the farm . . . full of little guits."

After a month of Marilyn, LaVey—ever the opportunist—moved out and took up with a girl whose father owned a bank, a girl who had a new car and lots of money to spend.

From Los Angeles, LaVey moved to San Francisco, where he began playing the organ and piano in neighborhood bars. He worked for the San Francisco Police Department from 1951 to 1955 as a police photographer and later as an occult investigator. Shortly after leaving the department he informally organized the "Magic Circle," out of which would emerge, in the words of Herb Caen, popular Bay Area newspaper columnist, "those strange magic shenanigans at that bizarre black house near the Cliff House . . ."

Marilyn Monroe was not a Satanist, but another blond and voluptuous sex goddess was—Jayne Mansfield. During a visit to San Francisco in the fall of 1966 she read a newspaper item about the Church of Satan and went to some (continued on page 102)

Because of the unusual nature of this story, HUSTLER would like to confirm that the author was indeed an Episcopalian priest on the East Coast up until two years ago—at which time he was asked to resign for “lack of credibility.” His name has been changed for this article, and we have purposefully withheld the exact location of his former parish.

My first post after graduating from an Episcopalian seminary was that of assistant rector in a large, affluent suburban parish. It was a bedroom community filled with “daytime widows,” most of whom seemed fairly well content with their lives of tennis, study groups, volunteer work and chauffeuring children.

There was, however, one woman who stood out because she was so obviously unhappy. She was a petite, shapely brunette of about 40 with large, beautiful brown eyes. Her emotional pain revealed itself most often during worship services; she wept. I naturally wanted to help her, and I asked a brother priest about her.

He told me that she was a divorcee trying to raise three children. She was lonely and prone to deep bouts of depression.

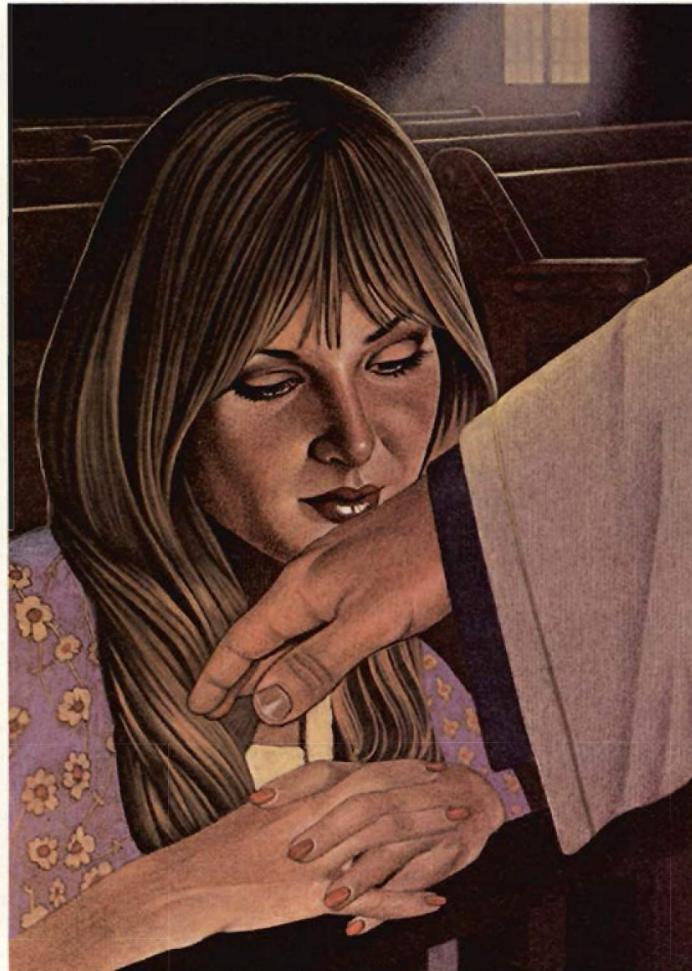
“Is she suicidal?” I asked.

“I don’t think so,” he answered, “but one never really knows. What she needs is someone to love her. Be kind to her.”

My heart went out to her, and I made a mental note to be more attentive. But that proved to be unnecessary; she began to pay more attention to me. During services she continually tracked me with those brown eyes of hers. She often closed her lips over my fingertips as I administered Communion to her, and she would regularly drop by the church office for a chat. When we parted, she would hug me, pressing my arm against her soft breast.

I liked it when she did that, and I liked her too. Yet I was forced to admit to myself a growing sexual desire every time she touched me, a desire that fueled my masturbatory fantasies with an ever-increasing frequency. It became harder and harder to think of her merely

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person’s report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer’s opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



THE PASSIONATE PRIEST

by The Reverend Martin P. Riley

as one of God’s lost sheep who needed to be held. I had my own needs too, and by dwelling on them I found I was beginning to question the sexual code that had governed priestly behavior in the Anglican Church for centuries—a code that stressed sexual control of both vicar and congregation.

Very early one dark, rainy morning my phone rang. It was my troubled parishioner, and she was hysterical. “Father, I need you!” she cried. “Please come quickly.”

She sounded as if she were verging on

suicide. “Hold on,” I said as calmly as I could. “I’ll be right there.”

As I ran to my car, I tried to remember all the things I had been taught about crisis intervention: stay calm, talk softly, be gentle, be understanding, let her cry, don’t panic! Don’t panic? My legs were shaking so hard I could barely get into the car.

“It’s me—Father Riley!” I yelled as I threw open her back door.

“In here, Father, in the living room. Hurry!” she cried. I dashed through the kitchen, through the dining room, into the living room and into her outstretched arms! She lunged at me, the force of her small body slamming me back against the wall, pinning me there. Instinctively I threw my arms around her to comfort her, and suddenly realized that she was naked!

“Oh, Father, I need you, and I know you want me too!” she cried, pushing against me, rubbing her body against mine, burying her face in my neck.

I froze against the wall, powerless to know what to say or do. I didn’t want to reject her. I knew that this was the most beautiful gift she could offer me—herself. I didn’t want to say no and hurt her... perhaps even push her over the edge.

Her skin beneath my cold, clammy hands was the smoothest, warmest thing I had ever touched. Her slim, urgent body against me was terrifying. What was I to do? I prayed: *God, please give me the strength to do something.*

Suddenly I felt her hands caressing my groin. She was looking for my penis, but it had disappeared as high up inside my crotch as it could shrivel.

Then I felt my zipper going down and a warm hand reaching into my trousers. Quickly, deftly, it explored one thigh, then the other. Then it found my cock. Her fingers encircled it; with both hands she stroked it and pulled on it. In spite of my panic my penis began to grow.

No! It can’t! It mustn’t! I thought frantically. *For God’s sake, God, don’t give me that kind of strength.*

A roaring fire blazed inside me. I

could feel the perspiration rolling down my chest and back. The stiff, white plastic collar around my neck was like a hangman's noose. I could barely breathe. My knees jerked spasmodically, then unlocked. I slid down the wall into a sitting position. Her hands never left me; they followed me all the way down, stroking me, massaging me.

Something warm and tight slid over the hard head of my protruding penis. Looking down, I saw her taking my cock into her mouth. She started to suck, and as she did so she circled my legs with her arm and slowly pulled them away from the wall. My back, shoulders and head followed. I melted onto the floor.

Like a starving animal, she dove on me; one hand was holding my rigid shaft, and the other was unfastening my belt and opening my slacks. I couldn't move. I was completely at the mercy of her craving mouth.

My head was bursting with a tumult of conflicting thoughts and emotions. What I was doing went against everything I'd been taught. I could imagine my bishop looking on with a face as black as a thundercloud, disgust and condemnation pouring out of him as he consigned me to the farthest reaches of hell. Then I thought I saw a kindlier face that beamed down in genuine joy and approval. It seemed to be the face of

God. I clung to that image as desperately as my divorcee clung to me.

She turned, still working her lips up and down my erection, and straddled me with her beautiful ass pointing toward my face. Then she sat back and slowly lowered her groin onto my mouth. I could smell her sweet, gamy fragrance, and then those moist, open lips were upon me.

I could no longer help myself. I swear to God I could no longer help myself. I pushed my face up into her fur and slid my tongue into the opening of her dark-pink cunt. She cried out as if in pain, her teeth momentarily nipping at my shaft. She jammed herself down on me, the cheeks of her fanny masking my nose and eyes. She was soaking wet; her lips were warm and slippery with fluid. I loved the feeling and the taste. Frantically I started lapping and drinking her.

She sucked me ferociously, rolling her tongue under the crown of my thrusting penis. Her head bobbed in unison with my ramming. She almost stabbed me with the stiffness of my own erection.

Suddenly, with a loud cry, she sprang away from my mouth and pirouetted around on top of me. Still grasping my glistening, wet organ in her hand, she threw her legs over my hips, glanced down to align herself and plunged her

body onto my cock. It disappeared inside her, captured in the drenched folds of her squirming body. I could feel her deep, warm strength surrounding me, pulling me well inside of her. I thrust my hips and arched my back to lift her into the air. She hung on, impaled. Again and again I rammed myself into her, bouncing her on the rigidity of my member.

Then it began to happen, roaring out of the depths of my very being. My whole body quaked like an erupting volcano. It was happening to her too. Her back became rigid, her face a mask of anguish. Out of her throat burst a high, shrill wail: "Father, Father."

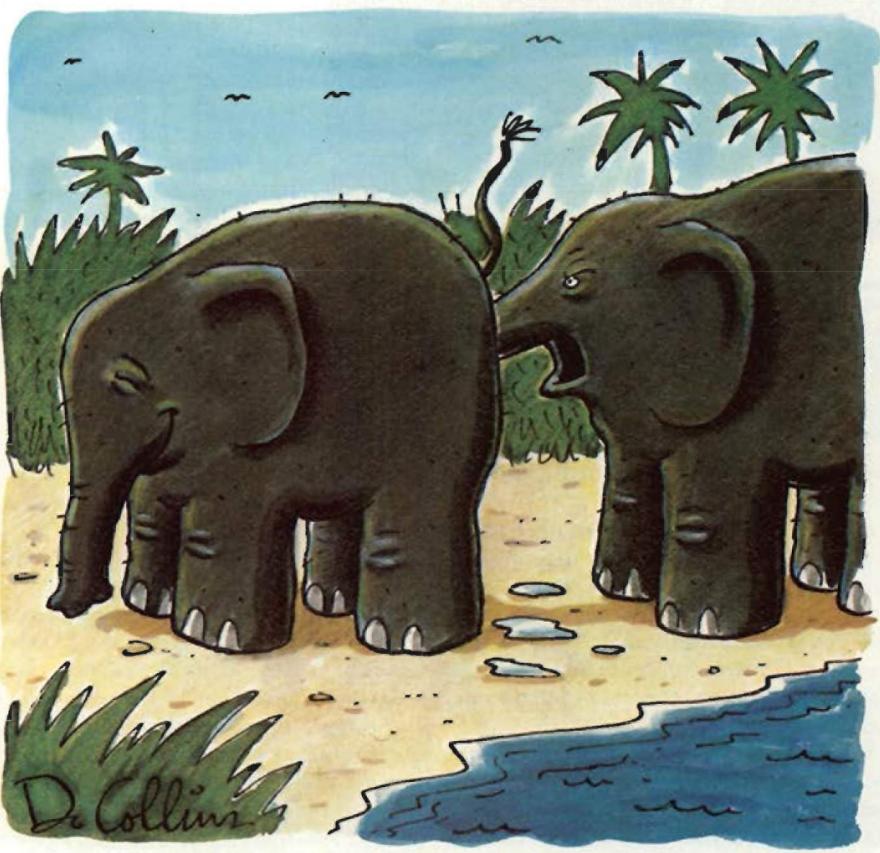
We remained fused together on the floor for a long time. We were one.

That was my first sexual experience as an Episcopalian priest. Initially I felt guilty, but that ended when a retired priest told me to enjoy it as a fringe benefit that made my paltry stipend tolerable. I had many more sexual encounters with my divorcee, and we found real love in one another.

That was also my initiation into many other erotic interludes with the people of that parish. Once indoctrinated, it did not take me long to realize how many there were that wanted to "make it" with their priest. In most cases these people were desperate to break out of their prisons of belief, which held that their sexual hungers and desires were sacrilegious, their fantasies sinful. I could not free all of them, but I liberated many, and helped them to know the sacredness of sex and the God-given joy of sexual fulfillment. It became my special, undercover ministry.

The rewards of being the instrument that helped so many lonely, love-starved, guilt-ridden parishioners gain control over their own sex lives and celebrate their sexuality were great. Again I did not feel the least bit guilty. While all those \$75,000-a-year executives were ignoring the emotional needs of their families in favor of their secret, daily games of "screw the competition," I was doing favors for their needy "daytime widows," who secretly competed to play similar games with me.

The divorcee with the big brown eyes is happily married now to a wonderful man. He knows about us, and is eternally grateful to me for sharing the saving love of God that filled her body and soul. As for me, I shall forever be grateful to her. She saved me from a moral code that proclaims it sinful to enjoy sexual pleasure freely and fully and to share one's sexuality. With her I learned that God wants us all to be free and fulfilled—happy, healthy and whole.



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PROFILE: ANTON LaVEY

(continued from page 98)

lengths to seek out LaVey and arrange an interview.

Right away Mansfield told LaVey about her intense sexual desires and her quest for knowledge. At the time she was having custody problems with her ex, Matt Cimber, who was claiming she was unfit to be the mother of four children. Mansfield asked LaVey to put a curse on Cimber so that she would retain custody of her children. Not long afterward the court declared her fit and granted the entertainer custody of her children from her two marriages.

"Jayne was not a flirt; she was an all-out exhibitionist," says LaVey. "She had her hang-ups about big, brawny studs being good lays, and she had a propensity for flashing her twat or bareing her breasts."

Mansfield joined the Church of Satan and, much to the consternation of her studio and publicists, posed for pictures dressed in Satanic regalia, complete with classic chalices and skulls.

"She was a true witch," declares LaVey. "She was happiest when she was rolling on the floor, fucking up a storm. She deliberately manipulated men into sexual confrontations, going so far as to moisten the crotch or rear of her pants or dress to make it look that she had gotten so excited she had wet herself."

Then Mansfield began having problems with her attorney, Sam Brody, who she had taken as a lover. Brody was insanely jealous of her other suitors and her relationship with LaVey and the Church of Satan. The situation got so bad that she asked LaVey to perform the ultimate curse—the death rune. Professor Edward J. Moody, a lecturer at Queen's University in Belfast, Northern Ireland, who spent two-and-a-half years as a member of the church's ruling circle, says that only once during his membership had he heard the magic incantation invoked.

After much deliberation and considerable provocation from Brody, LaVey says he agreed to conduct a private but formal destruction ritual. According to his story, he placed the attorney's name on a piece of parchment and burned it, invoking the power of the infernal names and calling for Brody's annihilation within a year.

LaVey then telephoned Mansfield and told her what he had done, warning her to stay away from Brody. She failed to heed his advice. At 2:25 a.m. on June 29, 1967, six months after LaVey had administered the ultimate hex, she and Brody were on U.S. 90 near New

Orleans in a car driven by Ronnie Harrison, son of a Mississippi supper-club owner. Harrison was driving fast. There was fog on the road, and they crashed into the back of a tank truck. All three were killed.

Since restructuring the Church of Satan in the early 1970s and turning the leadership over to the nine men of the Order of the Trapezoid, Anton Szandor LaVey has had more time to indulge his own pleasures, to savor the fame and wealth his work has brought him.

The church that he founded is now officially recognized by the Pentagon, and when military members of the church die, chaplains in the various armed services are instructed to contact the nearest Church of Satan grotto. The church has expanded its operations to Europe and maintains a world headquarters in Amsterdam. In Moscow's Museum of Atheism there is a prominent display, including blowups of LaVey with his *Satanic Bible*.

These days LaVey spends a lot of his time traveling, reading, writing, and working in Hollywood. Since his appearance in *Rosemary's Baby*, a film on which he also served as technical adviser, LaVey has been at the beck and call of movie moguls, profiting handsomely from his work on such celluloid tributes to diabolism as *Poor Devil*, *The Devil's Daughter*, *The Omen* and lesser-known flicks like *Simon*, *King of the Witches* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

As High Priest of the Church of Satan, LaVey still presides over an occasional Satanic rite, but now only on special occasions or in response to a special request by a member of the church in desperate straits. But employing a hex or a curse—Greater Magic—must not be undertaken lightly, LaVey warns, mindful perhaps of the Mansfield episode.

For all his strangeness, LaVey remains a strict law-and-order man, working with police in the investigation of crimes, especially murder, where there emerge signs of witchcraft or demonomania. He does not smoke. He drinks, but not to excess. And he continues to appreciate women, especially well-developed blondes.

Far from the scandalous and prankish antics of the '60s, LaVey now stirs his cauldron of Satanic witchdoctry with a truly evil objective in mind—to make the world a more fit place for devils. "We Satanists pride ourselves on being ladies and gentlemen—sinful ones, perhaps—but nonetheless, ladies and gentlemen."

Honey

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SUSPICIOUS WHEN I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WAS SAYING, BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A LITTLE DRUNK! POOR POON!

THE PARTY'S OVER AND POON TANG IS MISSING - SPEEDING INTO OUTER SPACE WITH A STRANGER WHOSE "ALIEN GARB" WAS NO "GETUP" AFTER ALL!

POON CAN HANDLE HERSELF AROUND STRANGERS!

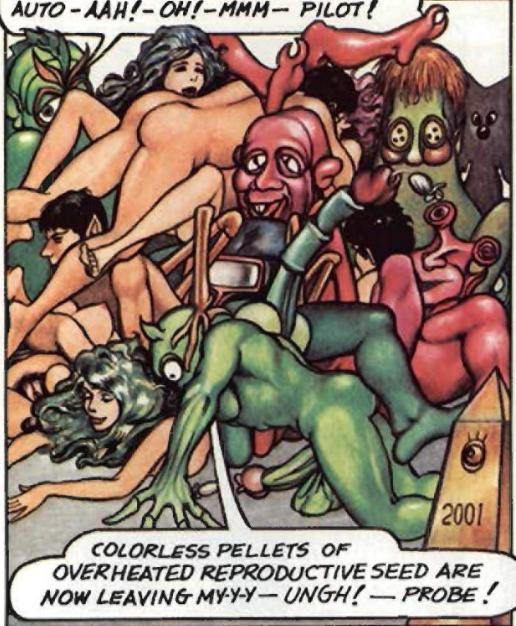
YA, THE STRANGER THE BETTER!







IT'S A GOOD THING THIS SHIP'S ON
AUTO - AAH! - OH! - MMM - PILOT!



TWO EXHAUSTING DAYS LATER . . .



COME ON! THE FUN'S JUST STARTING!

NO!

CELLS DRAINED!
NAME YOUR WISH!
MUST STOP!

ALL RIGHT!
TAKE US HOME!

RUMBLE
RUMBLE!

YOU MAY GO! YOU
ARE TOO DANGEROUS
TO UNLEASH ON THE
EMPIRE!

THAT'S NOT SO! SEX
IS BETTER FOR PARTNERS
THAN PRISONERS! WHEN
YOU LEARN THAT, VISIT
US AGAIN!



WAS ZERE
ANYONE FROM
FRANCE ABOARD?

WAS IT FUN?
DID YOU COME?
LUCKY THE SWINE
DID NOT TAKE ME!

NOW THAT'S SOME
PIE IN THE SKY!



PRIVILEGES OF POLITICIANS

(continued from page 78)

Adam Clayton Powell's numerous travels, Hays interrupted the hearings to attend a NATO conference in Paris.

The *Wall Street Journal* remarked on his behavior: "[Hays] took his 26-year-old secretary to Bermuda for an informal meeting with British parliamentarians; he chose the same young lady to join another Hays-headed delegation for 20 days in Europe. Then, having spent \$6,589, enough to make him congressional travel champ, Mr. Hays came home to head a House subcommittee that investigated and denounced Adam Clayton Powell's female-accompanied private pleasures jaunts at taxpayer expense."

Whenever possible, congressional junketeers like to avail themselves of the courtesies of the 89th Military Airlift Group, which flies between U.S. military installations around the world and which is located just across the Potomac River from Capitol Hill. The 89th maintains the President's planes, including *Air Force One*, and a fleet of medium-range as well as long-range jets that can be ordered up by House and Senate committee chairmen for junkets at any time.

There is no limit to where congress-

men can go, how much they can spend or how long they can stay, save for guidelines a committee chairman may issue for each individual junket. In the winter favorite spots for congressional study include Acapulco, South America and warm climes in the Pacific. There is no law that says a congressman must actually produce anything concrete on a junket, though it is required that he or she write a report after returning from an overseas trip. "Join Congress and See the World" isn't a congressional recruiting slogan, but it might as well be.

* * *

The list of congressional freebies is almost endless: free delivery of ice to a member's office upon demand (and probably not for iced tea); private dining rooms in the Capitol; 2,000 wall calendars; 500 copies of *Our Flag*; 1,000 copies of *Our American Government*; as well as other federal pamphlets congressmen send to constituents each year with warm cover letters. There are free wall maps, scenic photographs from the National Park Service and reproductions of paintings that hang in the National Gallery of Art. Just about the only fringe benefit that pays its own way is the House beauty parlor. The restaurants don't break even, and there's no profit from the stationery store, with its fine selection of discount gifts that in-

cludes attache cases and Capitol Hill souvenir glasses, plates and plaques. But the House beauty parlor, in its humble way, earns the government a tidy \$6,000 profit a year.

A couple of years ago the congressional budget topped \$1 billion a year. Some of the money helps run the country; the rest helps keep a congressman in office. A freshman politician soon learns that the second rule of politics is to get reelected, and that the first rule is never to forget the second rule.

So the free mail-outs, the folksy newsletters, the trips home and the long-distance calls to key supporters serve their purpose. In 1977 Americans for Democratic Action compiled the value of the special advantages an incumbent congressman enjoys over a challenger. The total, more than \$500,000 per member, was divided this way: \$387,984 for salaries and office space; \$143,245 for communications and travel; \$35,962 in miscellaneous benefits.

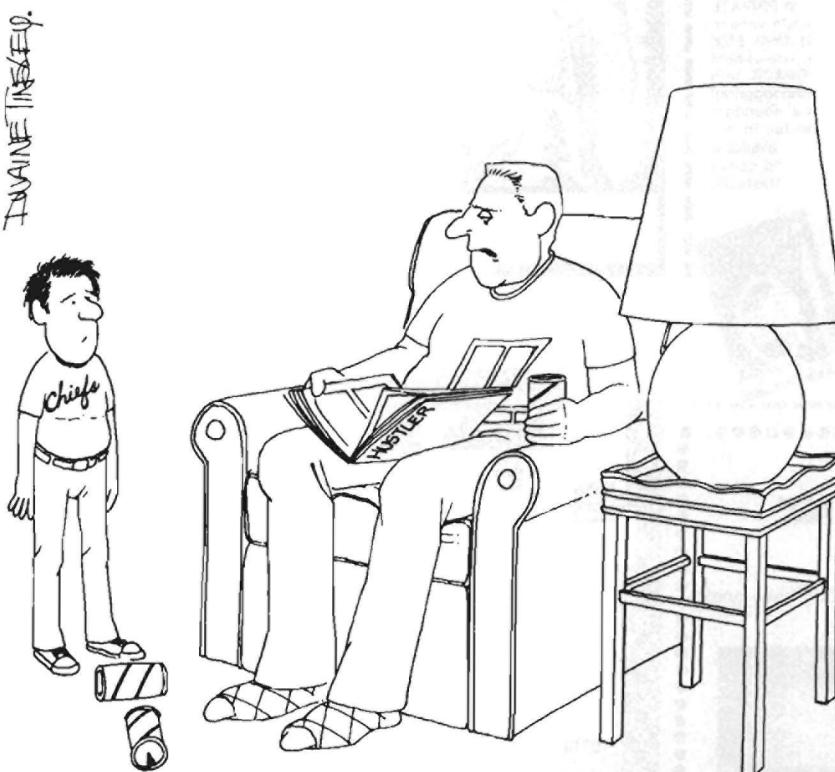
Between 1971 and 1976 Congress doubled its budget and increased its personnel by 70%. The Senate has two office buildings, with a third under construction, while the House covets a fifth office building. The latter building, in midconstruction and scheduled for completion in 1982, has been the subject of much controversy. What began as a proposed \$48-million project has evolved into a \$174.5-million "marble palace," complete with wood paneling throughout, a fancy hearing room equipped with booths for TV anchorpersons, and a rooftop restaurant. If Senator Pete Domenici (Republican-New Mexico) is correct, the final product will check in at \$200 million.

To be fair, this billion-dollar branch of the government's budget does include such giant appendages as the Library of Congress, the General Accounting Office and the Government Printing Office. But even those "nonpolitical" departments are open to routine congressional abuse.

While most Americans think of the Library of Congress simply as a national storehouse of books, Congress thinks of it as its private staff of researchers. Indeed, a major function of the Library is its \$25-million-plus Congressional Research Service (CRS), whose job is to respond quickly to requests for information from Capitol Hill staffers.

Some of the inquiries would be more amusing if the public weren't being billed for the time spent answering them:

□ One congressional office asked the CRS to determine how the Battle of Gettysburg would have ended had it



"You came out of the end of my dick; that's where you came from!"

been fought with nuclear weapons.

□ A retiring representative from Michigan requested a detailed report on Irish Catholic voting patterns in the 1890s. "I have the feeling I was contributing to someone's Ph.D.," said the angry researcher who had to compile the report.

□ Before she became notorious, Elizabeth Ray (herself a Washington fringe benefit) called the CRS to ask a staffer to search for a review of a movie (*Scorpio*) in which she had a walk-on part.

There are legends among CRS staffers. There was the congressional aide who called to ask how much an ounce of marijuana weighs. ("An ounce," replied the startled researcher.) The most-frequently-asked question—and no one seems to know why—is: "What is the name of the 'His Master's Voice' dog that used to be part of the RCA logo?" And every staffer at the CRS knows the story of the researcher assigned to assist a House probe of pornography in the 1960s. His job was to see how easily pornography and "marital aids" might be obtained. For months he performed his work diligently, much to the amusement of his fellow employees. He learned it wasn't too difficult to receive pornography, but it was hard to hold onto it; after he passed his booty along to the committee chairman, no one ever saw the erotic collection again.

For the record, Hill staffers plead that the outlandish requests CRS employees must sometimes answer originate in letters from constituents who view their congressman as the source of all knowledge. That's why, these staffers say, they sometimes must make calls to ask how best to remove chocolate stains from corduroy or where the best trout-fishing is in the Washington area.

Other scams include these ways a congressman can enhance his salary:

Double-Dipping. Thirty-eight members of the 94th Congress fattened their bank accounts by accepting their monthly military-retirement pension or Veterans Administration compensation payment in addition to their regular government salary. That's called double-dipping. It's legal, and some of the practitioners are Senators Barry Goldwater, Sr. (Republican-Arizona), Strom Thurmond (Republican-South Carolina) and Robert Dole (Republican-Kansas).

Honoraria. Congress is constantly wrestling with how much outside income a member may receive for giving speeches or writing articles (both of which are usually penned by a lowly staffer). Some members once earned

more than their congressional salary by those means.

Nepotism. Hiring a relative may not put money directly into a congressman's pocket, but it sure helps out the family finances. In 1967 Congress outlawed the hiring of relatives (though those already sucking on the federal tit were allowed to stay on). The dodge: Trade off with another congressman—you hire his relative; he hires yours. The relatives of at least 15 congressmen have joined the Capitol Hill payroll in this manner since the nepotism law was passed.

Kickbacks. In the illegal arena a congressman might demand kickbacks from staffers' paychecks. If you think this cheap way of lining a pocket went out with the '50s, you're wrong. Representative Charles Diggs (Democrat-Michigan) was convicted last year for engaging in such a scheme. (Nevertheless, he was reelected a month later.) This summer he was censured by the House for his financial misdeeds.

* * *

Only the in-House temptations have been considered thus far; books have been written about the other fringe benefits—the kind that come in plain white envelopes or expensive evening gowns. Money and women, gifts and stock options—all are dangled before the eyes of legislators by special-interest groups that want to curry favor with the men (and the few women) who control the country's purse strings.

In 1930 H. L. Mencken wrote of politicians: "If the right pressure could be applied to them, they would cheerfully be in favor of polygamy, astrology or cannibalism." Every day and every night, in the halls of Congress and the dim bars of Washington, someone is trying to confirm Mencken's observation.

Even in death a congressman manages to pluck one last plum from the federal money tree. Once there was no pension plan for congressmen. That's been generously corrected now; if a congressman is elected at age 30 and retires at age 50, at age 60 he begins receiving a pension equal to 50% of his average pay in his last three years of service. But before the pension plan was implemented, the widow or survivors of a member who died in office would be the beneficiaries of a special bill that would pay them one year of the late congressman's salary. Though Congress today provides generous health, pension and insurance plans to its members, that provision has never been completely erased from the books. So when a member dies in office, his survivors may get an extra \$57,500.

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PRISONERS

(continued from page 82)

"Whatever," she continued. "And then I spread my lips apart even wider at the sheriff's urging, at his promise to release us. The lips stretch until they look opaque. Next I slide my finger into myself, and I hear you moan...."

In spite of Bobby's attempts at humor, the fantasy was getting to him. His penis began to rise as her words and fingertips fired its tumescence. The spring in his back was winding quickly.

• • •

Self-appointed "Sheriff" Aubrey Purtis—Hog, as the rest of the folks in the hollow called him behind his back—kicked his feet up onto the desk, his engineer's boots making still another dent in the already badly wounded grain of wood. Purtis had been kicking up his boots in this fashion for the last ten years. He'd put 30 years of wear into the desk in that short ten.

Sheriff Purtis was bored; he'd been bored for nearly as long as he could remember. *Don't nothin' change*, he thought. Every day was the same as the day before, with not even the promise of change. Within this country hollow, time was meaningless. Outside the hollow, technology could mechanize itself out of existence, but within the time-frame of the hollow, life was the same as it had been for years. By city standards the sheriff's desk would be considered a priceless antique, worth the cost of restoration. Here it was simply a desk, and one that would be held together for years to come with ten-penny nails and baling wire. Here men still hunted coon by moonlight, and women did the cooking and washing.

"Zippah, ya go git me anothah jar o' likkah," said Purtis. "Go on over ta Bubby's an' tell 'im to put it on mah account."

Zipper, so named because he had been born with a withered right arm that caused him difficulty in zipping his fly, nodded toward Purtis. "Bad ju-ju," the black man muttered to himself. Purtis usually drank half of a Mason jar of Bubby's 'shine, but on this night he was nearly finished with an entire jar. It promised to be an unusually bad night, and Zipper didn't want to be around when hell broke loose.

"Zippah!" Purtis growled. "What ya say, boy?"

"Nothin', Sheriff—jus' hummin' a tune. Now you want me ta go over ta Bubby's?"

"Git movin'!" Purtis roared. Zipper's 65-year-old frame, despite being bent like an old-fashioned walking cane,

moved quickly through the jailhouse door. His withered arm swayed outward and then flapped against his side.

"An' hurry back, ya one-armed bandit!" snickered Purtis.

Before the evening had begun, Purtis had already decided to change the thread of his boredom. He had told himself that he wouldn't remember what he'd done after this drunk.

Trouble was, Purtis was bored. Bored with himself. At 300 pounds he ruled the hollow, but he was bored with the sameness of it all. His authority even bored him. For all purposes life in the hollow was dull, uneventful. It had been forgotten by the federal government—just as well for the 'shine-makers—and wasn't even listed by the State of Georgia. At best, 24 people lived in the hollow, eking out life as if by decree of some higher order as penance for past sins.

The only thing in recent memory had been the building of the interstate that ran through the north corner of the hollow. When the power equipment came 'dozing through, spitting diesel fumes, the hollow folk just vanished for the duration, returning after modern man had gone. Life resumed its normal course.

The sheriff could put a "niggah" in jail for the night, abuse him, taunt him, but even the fun in that had been long gone. He'd thrown the hollow's three blacks into jail so often in the past that they'd developed a sixth sense about his presence, and had become increasingly difficult to find.

Purtis belched, the corn liquor and bile pooling at the entrance to his gullet. "Sheeeit!" he growled, taking another belt of liquor from the Mason jar. His peripheral vision had grown boozehazy. He rubbed his eyes hard, attempting to restore his vision.

Where is that niggah? Purtis thought. He raised the Mason jar to his puffy lips, which were nearly purple, and leaned back. He swayed slightly, a dribble of alcohol running down the side of his chin. The rest went down his gullet, a small wash of fire eating at his throat, burning his stomach and his brain.

The door opened slowly, carefully. "Here's the jug, Sheriff Purtis," said Zipper even before he came through the door. It was the only safe way to enter the jail, considering Purtis's drunkenness. Zipper, actually, had two personalities: the one he presented to Purtis, and the other his own self. Things indeed hadn't changed in the hollow.

Zipper placed the jar next to Purtis's

(continued on page 116)

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, United States Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

MERRY XMAS

With the Christmas season coming up, you'd probably rather hear about unusual gift items instead of the usual rotten crap we tell you to avoid. So in keeping with the holiday spirit we won't say anything against the Yuletide or bah-humbug any Shifties. This month we present you with a whole list of goodies that you might want to put under somebody's tree.

GO PHUCK YOURSELF

Tired of the same old Hallmark dribble about fondest wishes or the Charlie Brown cards with their dumb jokes? Then why don't you insult your friends with greetings from the *American Mother Phucker Card Company* (P.O. Box 6342, Terra Linda, California 94903)? Its motto is "When you don't give a shit, give an American Mother Phucker card!" One of *AMPC*'s Christmas cards portrays a man and a woman farting "Season's Greetings." Another card, with a baby on the cover, says, "Congratulations on the birth of your New Baby." Inside you'll find: "Golly! You must have a sore cunt!" A Happy Birthday card tells you, "Isn't it about time you learned to eat pussy?"

These cards are guaranteed to get you off of everybody else's mailing list. *AMPC* sells an assortment of 35 cards, including Christmas and general greeting cards, for \$10 (plus 60¢ tax for Californians). Specify when ordering if you're male or female.

VANITY PUBLISHERS

If you're worried that nobody's going to write a book about you, give *Fantasy Books* a call at 416-495-9536 (or write to Suite 15, 333 Denison Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 2Z4). *Fantasy* promises to make you or somebody of your choice the leading character in "The Greatest Book in the World."

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hardcover book with a flashy jacket and four stories inside. Picking from a choice of eight, you can be an Adventurer, Politician, Lover, Billionaire, Sci-fi Hero, Rock Star, Movie Star or Super Jock.

The writing inside isn't the greatest, but let's face it; this is a gimmick, not literature. If you've got kids, they'll love it. Your name will go on the title page ("Written by Bill Jones"), and your kids will be the book's heroes and heroines ("Johnny Jones smiled to himself as the icy Arctic wind cut into his face"). For your old lady you might order up the "Lover" story, which is actually a long poem about the person of your choice being the best fuck in the world. The rest of the stories are clean enough for the kids.

MORE ROCKABILLY

For all of you country-boogie fans *Solid Smoke Records* (P.O. Box 22372, San Francisco, California 94122) is selling the *Tear It Up* album by Johnny Burnette's Rock 'n Roll Trio. No country-music fan needs to be told about the legendary Johnny Burnette Trio, which recorded such classics as "Train Kept A-Rollin'" and "Rock Billy Boogie" back in the mid-'50s. This album of 17 songs is well worth the price of \$5.98 plus \$1.50 handling costs.

Solid Smoke is also selling two commemorative Buddy Holly "portrait discs" with full-color photos of Holly printed on both sides of the records. These collector's items cost \$11.98 each or \$21.98 for both, plus \$2 handling—a bit steep if you're not a big Holly fan. We should add that there are reports that "portrait discs" wear out much sooner than conventional records.

While we're on the subject of rockabilly, *Bomp Records* (P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, California 91510) has a growing rockabilly inventory that includes Ray Campi, Jimmie Lee Maslon and Billy Hancock. Those of you who miss the spirit and excitement of Elvis's early recordings will especially want to check out Billy Hancock, because that cat is hot. Write to *Bomp* for a catalog, and be sure to specify that you're a rockabilly fan.

TIT-LIT TITILLATION

If you're an exhibitionist who'll try anything, how about a nipple-blinking T (for tits)-shirt. That's right, a T-shirt with a life-size color photo of a pair of tits on the front. Inserted in the nipples are two little bulbs that blink on and off.

A tiny wire hidden inside leads down to your trouser pocket, where it hooks up to a 9-volt transistor battery. *Lazerworld* (8853 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90069) sells this white, hand-washable shirt in sizes small (S), medium (M) and large (L) for \$29.95 plus \$1 handling. For \$5 extra they'll put the name or message of your choice up front with the tits. And for an additional charge a photo of your girlfriend's boobs can be put on the shirt. Write for more information.

Film Collectors Association (P.O. Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306) is selling black T-shirts with their red *Dirty Movies* logo on the front. The *Dirty Movies* series—like *Swedish Erotica* and the *Diamond Collection*—is one of the hottest porno lines around. *FCA* sells the shirts in women's small (S), medium (M) and large (L) and men's small, medium, large and extra-large (XL) for \$6 (plus 75¢ postage). An excellent buy.

CHOICE SMUT

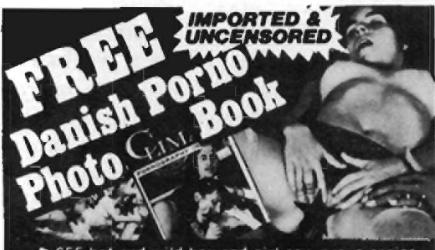
If it's films you're looking for, try the newest entry to our Good Guys list, *Rainbow Enterprises* (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028). *Rainbow* sells the entire *Swedish Erotica* line, gives a 100% guarantee if you're unhappy with your films, and promises 2-week delivery if you order by credit card, money order or cashier's check. "We ship only airmail and UPS," one of the owners told us during our inspection of their warehouse. "We sell only the uncut versions, not the choppy stuff we've seen elsewhere."

Rainbow sells the *Swedish Erotica* catalog for \$10 separately, or \$7 with the purchase of a film or tape. Films sell for \$24.95 apiece in Super or Regular 8. Videotapes (4 films each) cost \$79 in VHS and Beta. Handling is \$2 plus \$1 for each additional item.

REELLY HOT!

If you'd like to see *HUSTLER Honeyes* in action, try *Suze's Hot Reels*, a new line shot by Suze Randall. See Chrissie and her flashlight, Inga and a bottle of champagne, Lolita playing sweet and innocent, and Beauty on a sexual rampage. Plus, Debbie strips down to her wheels, and Debi (this month's center-fold) clears the bases. *Newave Productions* (P.O. Box 67220, Los Angeles, California 90067) sells each film for \$19.95 (Regular 8), \$24.95 (Super 8) or \$39.95 (Super 8 with sound). A videocassette with all six Honeyes together costs \$99.95 (Beta or VHS). For information on a special holiday deal see page 26.

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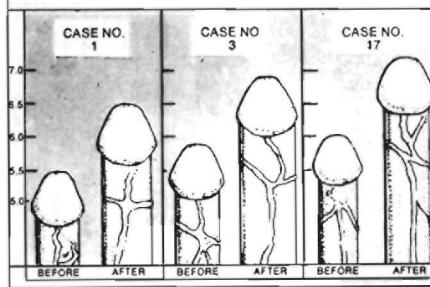
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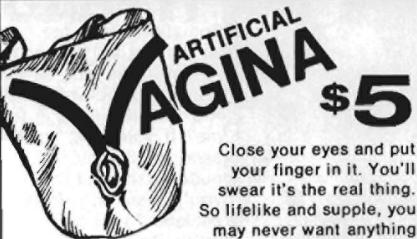
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PRISONERS

(continued from page 110)

boot, still propped up on the sheriff's desk. As Zipper turned, Purtis shoved him with his foot, and Zipper fell. Zipper's arm, only half as long as a normal arm, curled in a semicircle. Purtis laughed aloud. He was too drunk to have any sympathy left for Zipper. As he laughed, a large ball of phlegm the size of a buckeye erupted from Purtis's mouth, landing on the floor.

"Clean that up, boy, ya hear?" said Purtis, his speech beginning to falter, to slur. "See what ya made me do?"

"Yessuh," replied Zipper. He knew better than to argue. He knew when to be deferential. There were no alternatives with Purtis. If he said to do something, you did it.

Zipper quickly grabbed the mop from the corner and set to work. The mop, not being damp, didn't do a thorough job. The phlegm was smeared rather than absorbed by the old, stiff cotton threads. Zipper began to worry that this smearing would catch him hell from the sheriff.

Purtis unscrewed the top of the new jar and drank about a quarter of its contents. He belched and rose.

"Ah'm goin' out ta see what's up," he said, slamming his fist down on the desk. It groaned under the weight of his fist. As he walked past Zipper, he laughed and spat again. Then he walked out the door.

Zipper heard Purtis's old Chevy start up. It roared three or four times as Purtis pumped the accelerator cruelly. Then Zipper heard gravel shower the side of the building. The car sped into the Georgia night. Zipper shook his head from side to side.

If Rodin had sculpted Bobby DeFranco and Inez O'Malley in their position in the backseat, he would have called it *Heat*. Bobby was atop her like a dog atop its bitch. Her words and fingers had finally gotten to him. He had pulled off the interstate, found a back road quickly, left the key in the ignition and begun their dance of sex. Both of them had their jeans off (their tops were a bother to remove), and they were finishing off what she had begun. He plunged hard, furiously. He thrust in and out, and she responded back and forth. They were synchronized in their movements.

"Betcha the sheriff can't do this," he said in her ear, the words bursting out of his mouth like tiny explosions. He knew by the growing tension in his back that this would soon be over. He felt his balls rise upward into their sockets. Another

30 seconds and all would be done.

Suddenly the Cadillac's interior exploded in light. With one hand Sheriff Purtis aimed his large lantern at DeFranco's naked buttocks; his other hand held his Smith & Wesson Police Special. Purtis drawled, "OK, now, move on outta the car, hands in the air like if'n ya was in church praisin' the Lord." He laughed.

Bobby and Inez were speechless, defenseless.

"Ah said move!" Purtis yelled, growling, bile rising in his throat. "An' raht now!"

Bobby fumbled for his jeans. He didn't know how to distinguish his from Inez's.

"Jes' leave them where they be, sonny," smirked Purtis, "an' git out so ah can see ya—ya and that hot bitch o' yours."

They climbed out, stepping barefoot onto the earth. Bobby felt a dried stick snap under his foot, and he jumped aside quickly.

"If'n ya move like that agin, ah'm gonna give ya a coupla these here lead kisses from mah .38," menaced Purtis. Purtis's peripheral vision was still hazy. He aimed the gun tenuously. He didn't want any quick movement to distract him.

Both Bobby and Inez stood rigidly before Purtis. They were bottomless and frightened. In the world they knew, this just didn't happen. The lantern light moved up and down their bodies, pausing much longer on Inez.

"I can ... I can explain everything, officer," said Bobby. "We were just—"

"Ah know what yo' city slickers was doin'," interrupted Purtis, "an' it's illegal around here. Ah'm takin' y'all in."

Purtis stared at Inez's red and black pubic hairs. He'd never seen anything like them. Suddenly he knew what he had to do. *This, he thought, is gonna be a night I'll never forget.*

"Sonny," he said to Bobby, "ya jes' git in the front seat o' mah car and drive to where ah tell ya. And you, hot stuff, git in the backseat with me."

"Now wait a minute," said DeFranco, mustering whatever he had left of his courage and sense. "You can't—" But he never finished. The .38's barrel caught his lip, powered by Purtis's hog-like arms. The lower lip opened like a flower and let blood.

"Do it!" barked Purtis.

The trip to the jail, along dark, shrouded back roads, had taken only 15 minutes. But to Inez it could have been an hour. Purtis had pulled down his fly and forced her to play with his short,

limp penis. At first she had refused, retching from the smell of his breath alone. But he had simply placed the .38's barrel against Bobby's head, and Inez had given in. She moved her fingers over his flaccid penis to no avail. It was liquor-dead.

"Lady, ya sure have nice fingernails. Ah like them," said Purtis, cocking the pistol. Inez was frantic.

"Please do what he says, babe," said Bobby weakly.

"Now ya listen ta him, hussy," Purtis said. He never reached erection, in spite of her ministrations, and it began to annoy him. His only chance to have a hot woman and he couldn't do a thing. He was getting angrier by the minute.

"Pull over by that there buildin'," he said finally. The car pulled up to the jail.

Inside, DeFranco tried to be noble again, saying, "You can't do this; it's illegal." Purtis gave him another taste of the .38's barrel before throwing him into one of the two cells. Bobby sprawled on the floor, blood running from the new cut on his forehead and congealing on his lip.

Inez was shoved into the adjoining cell, still bottomless. Her eyes showed fear and rage.

Purtis propped his feet up on the table, looking over at Zipper. The black man's head was lowered, avoiding both the sheriff and the woman, although he wanted to look at her pubic hair and her long legs. Purtis reached for the jar of liquor and took down another burning dose, nearly emptying the Mason jar. He belched.

"Ya ever see anything that nice-lookin'?" he asked Zipper. "Whyn'tcha go help the lady remove her top? Betcha'd like doin' that."

Zipper, rolling a 16-penny nail in his good hand, avoided looking up.

"Ah said git in there, niggah, and help the woman!" snapped Purtis. He rose from his seat, staggering over to Zipper. He smashed Zipper with the back of his fist, knocking the old man off his stool. "Now git," he said, lurching back to his seat.

Zipper opened the cell. He was nervous, shaking. *Bad ju-ju*, he thought. Inez sat, equally nervous. She looked into Zipper's eyes and realized he wouldn't harm her. Zipper understood fear, and he let her know it.

"Now, ma'am, jus' slip the top off'n yo'self, and hand it to me. It's all ya gotta do," he said.

She slipped off her top, her breasts pointing outward from the fear and tension. With shaking hands she reached out to Zipper, offering the top. Zipper reached out with his good hand, making

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sure the 16-penny nail he'd been holding was visible to her. She took it as she gave him the top. She cupped her hand around the nail.

"Now's mah turn," Purtis slurred. "You git on home, Zippah!"

Zipper walked over to the sheriff's desk and straightened it up. "Git!" screeched Purtis, swinging his arm wildly. He missed Zipper, who hustled out the door without turning to look around.

Leaning against the open cell door, Purtis pulled down his fly. "Lady, ya ain't nevah had a man like you're gonna have now," he said, his eyes wide, his lust apparent. He slipped off the cell-door frame, but caught himself before falling completely. He reached into his pants and pulled out his penis. It looked like a small mushroom cap that had had its stem sheared off.

"Git on yo' knees, bitch!" he commanded, looking over at DeFranco in triumph. Bobby was staring wide-eyed, knowing he couldn't help. He was frozen in a tableau of fear.

Inez sat, unmoving. Purtis in his drunkenness reached out for her, catching her hair. Grabbing a clump, he lifted her off the bench, hitting her with his open hand. She crumpled to her knees.

"Now suck it, girl," he hissed. He grabbed the back of her head with both hands, forcing her face into his groin. She recoiled from the smell of unwashed genitals, flinching from the acrid odor. "If'n ya don't put yo' lips around it, you're a dead woman," said Purtis.

Retching, Inez wrapped her lips around his flaccid member. It tasted bitter, a combination of smegma and old sweat. Her stomach convulsed. He began pumping into her mouth.

DeFranco was screaming, calling the sheriff a bastard redneck. And Purtis was laughing, swaying back and forth in his drunkenness. He couldn't even see DeFranco. The liquor had stolen most of his vision.

Inez suddenly considered biting off the drunk's penis. Purtis kept pumping, and she was steeling herself to slam her teeth together. She wondered what it would feel like. Would it be difficult? Would she vomit?

She quickly bit, but at the last second, just as her teeth began to break the sheriff's flesh, she stopped. It was too late. Purtis, thinking she was indeed biting off his manhood, brought a quick roundhouse - sailing in an arc from the top of his head - into her chin, in a perfect semicircle.

The combined weight and force of his arm slammed her jaw shut, and she fell backward, dazed. Purtis screamed as he

had never screamed before. He felt pain as never before, even though the liquor should have dulled it.

Inez lay on the floor, her jaw broken, immovable. Purtis's mangled penis was pulsing blood in time to the beating of his heart. It squirted out, and stopped; it squirted, and stopped. Purtis staggered backward, landing against the bars of DeFranco's cell. Quickly the prisoner lunged forward, grabbing Purtis's throat through the cell bars.

"Help me, Inez... for God's sake, help me!" he screamed. Her eyes cleared. She rose up on all fours, looking around the floor. "Dammit, Inez, do something!" he yelled. "Wake up, dammit!"

She was awake. She was looking for the nail, the 16-penny savior. She spotted it near the mattress and crawled toward it rapidly. With nail in hand she forced herself upright and approached Purtis. He was a flopping fish, blood staining the front of his pants. She stood in front of him, raised her arm and quickly buried the nail in his left eye. He screamed one last time, finally sagging to the floor as DeFranco released him. Purtis was on his back, the nail sticking out of his socket; the blood from his penis was merely oozing now.

"Quick, open my door!" yelled DeFranco.

Inez staggered over to the sheriff's desk, picked up the key and released DeFranco. Both rushed out of the room.

Suddenly it dawned on DeFranco that he didn't have the key to Purtis's car. He panicked. "We don't have the key," he said, as if it were all over for them. His head shook back and forth, and his body was shivering.

From out of the dark, Zipper moved forward, his good arm extended. "Here's the key," he said.

It was a miracle. Inez looked up, knowing Zipper's last action - cleaning the sheriff's desk - had been a cover. He had taken the key, and now he was giving it to them.

She grasped his bad arm, as if to say thank-you, squeezing it quickly and gently.

Zipper's eyes smiled; then he turned and vanished into the dark. His voice said from behind the curtain of pitch, "Jus' stay to the right as you drives out; it's the only way out. Jus' stay to the right and you'll be fine. You'll find your car."

From the dark, Zipper heard the Chevy start instantly. Once again he heard gravel spray the side of the jail.

Zipper turned and walked into the darkness of the hollow, smiling. He too had made his escape.

SEX PLAY

(continued from page 34)

is actually a desirable sign; it shows that the blood is really beginning to circulate.) Women too can benefit from Gin-Sex, but not in the same way; the improved circulation they will achieve from the tablet intensifies vaginal and clitoral sensation and thus increases sexual pleasure.

Your Gin-Sex regimen can be even more effective if it is combined with a complete daily vitamin program for general health. The multivitamin supplement pills are a start in the right direction, but "one-a-day" may not be enough. Space prevents me from describing the function of each mineral and vitamin fully. But you can use the following as a checklist to determine whether the vitamin-supplement program you are presently following is as complete as it should be.

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Further information on vitamins and minerals, together with a free diet sheet, can be obtained from the author by sending a large, stamped self-addressed envelope to J. D. Brown, P.O. Box 82569, Atlanta, Georgia 30354.

Good luck on improving your sex life and your health in general!

[Editor's Note: Space did not permit us to print all of Dr. Brown's thoughts on sex and diet. The author feels that in overcoming sexual dysfunction it is important to use a particular position during intercourse, at least for a few months. Further information on this position is contained in a booklet entitled "Improve Your Sex Life," which is available for \$3 from the author, at the address above.]

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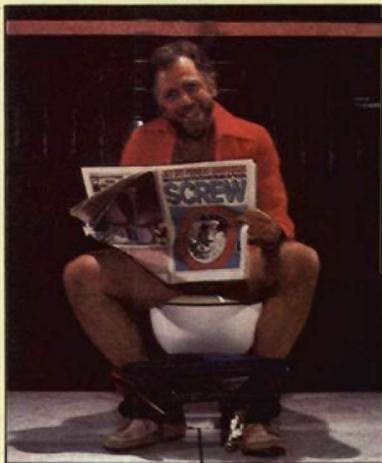
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NEXT MONTH

January issue on sale November 27, 1979.

ANNUAL GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES—Men's magazines seem to breed like rabbits, and most of them are just about as interesting. To help you avoid wasting your hard-earned bucks, HUSTLER is proud to present its Fifth Annual Unbiased Consumer's Guide to Men's Magazines. We're the only magazine in the country to each year turn over its pages to someone who can, if he or she chooses, criticize us or praise other men's publications. This year's guide is written by the Ralph Nader of smut, *Screw* Publisher Al Goldstein. We told Al to call 'em as he sees 'em—and believe us, he did.



THE MYTHS OF MASTURBATION—Jacking-off still remains one of society's great taboos and the source of more guilt than an army of Jewish mothers. Pioneer sex researchers Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen expose the misconceptions of "self-abuse" in this illustrated history, and trace the repressive mythology of masturbation from the ancient Christians to the era of modern psychiatry.

PROFILE: HAKEEM ABDUL RASHEED—Armed only with a golden tongue and a mail-order divinity degree, Rasheed—using his San Francisco-based Church of Hakeem—is accused of pulling off one of the biggest swindles in history. Find out how this onetime bra salesman combined religion and rip-off to pull off a multimillion-dollar scam that claimed victims halfway around the world. Profile by Scott Winokur.



PHOTO-FEATURES—Santa is coming, and you'll be wishing he'd never leave after you see what he's got for you in **TONI: DREAMING OF A PINK CHRISTMAS**, our life-size centerfold. Then, in **KEEP ON TRUCKIN'**, you'll see that it's the girl truckers who *really* know the best places to eat out. The action gets even hotter in **HEAT STROKE**, and we'll be wishing you a "Merry Christmas" French-style in **NOEL: OOH LA LA!**

GAME—The backfield isn't the only thing in motion in this perceptive look into professional football. Discover how sex, cocaine and body-crushing violence mingle in the life of a football star. Fiction by Ben Pesta.

PLUS—A classy combo just perfect to kick off the New Year, including **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT**.

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